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the right hand of fellowship.

—John Wesley (1703-1791)

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For Methodist Families / July 1967



After-Hour Jottings . . . It may or may not require a second look, but **this month's cover** is a painting, not a photograph. The artist, **Dale Wilson** of Park Ridge, Ill., had no particular town in mind—just a typical little town engulfed in wheat fields in his native state of Nebraska. Here grain is growing under wide, open, sunny skies in the absence of urban sprawl, asphalted acres, erosion, fuming smoke stacks, and traffic jams.

Thus, Mr. Wilson's painting is related in a way to a theme running through a number of articles in this issue: the importance of preserving valued resources. This encompasses conservation not only of natural resources [see pages 14 to 27] but also of human resources [see *Brainpower: It Improves With Age*, page 28, and *A Whole Man Approach to Health*, page 50] and even of our humanity in an increasingly urbanized society [see *A City Designed for People*, page 44, and *They Nip at Blight*, page 61]. All
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JOTTINGS/ (Continued from page 1)

probe subjects Christians must deal with if all men are to be allowed to live full, free, maximum lives, and if fundamental values are to be upheld in the face of constant and accelerating change.

We could, of course, have made this month's cover a terrifying montage of auto graveyards, dead fish, scalped hill-sides, debris-choked streams, smog-shrouded city skylines, and other evidences of our poor stewardship of natural resources. But while there are plenty of disaster areas, and many examples of wanton destruction that cannot be redeemed, it is not too late to do a great deal. We can preserve what remains of our natural heritage in areas not yet reached by the pollution and filth of "progress," and we can heal some of the wounds that now fester. So the outlook is not altogether shrouded in gloom—mainly because an increasing number of people are up in arms.



Mr. Foster: Wanted, more wilderness.

Malin F. Foster, who wrote *Ah, Wilderness—It's Vanishing Fast!* [page 14], belongs to many conservation groups, is vocal, and adds a capable pen to the fight, writing outdoor columns and articles similar to the one in this issue.

Mr. Foster's motivation apparently goes back to the boyhood day he went fishing in Weber River near his farm home in Utah. Having had no luck with bait, he made a lure with hair from the tail of a Jersey calf, black sewing thread, and red wool yarn from his mother's sewing kit.

"In heavy current, the combination became united with a freedom-loving, six-pound rainbow trout," he says. "That moment planted the seed that now makes me spend every available minute . . . to ensure that other boys will have places where similar experiences can be had."

Back home in Russellville, Ark., this spring, Associate Editor Herman B. Teeter left *The View from Mt. Nebo* [see page 17] long enough to visit Ozark National Park headquarters where he learned from Jack Hambrick that a new cave inside the forest is being developed and "someday will rival both Carlsbad Caverns and Mammoth Cave as a tourist attraction."

At Arkansas Tech, he talked to the chairman of the division of science, Truman McEver—who happens to be a

cousin, two or three decimal points removed; to geologists Albert Giles and Roy Cahoon who told him Nebo's heart is 200-million-year-old rock that began its majestic rise over the Arkansas River Valley about a million years ago.

Biologist B. G. Owen pointed out the relative freedom from pollution of Ozark streams, and said he recently snagged a seven-pound bass in vast, new Lake Dardanelle which laps at the college campus. Dr. Henri Crawley, a nationally recognized wildlife authority, declared that the area's fish population is increasing at "a fantastic, unbelievable rate," and told of conservation work with migratory fowl on 3,000-acre Holla Bend Wildlife Refuge in the river valley between Mount Nebo and Mount Petit Jean.

Even in an area sandwiched between millions of acres of managed forests and streams (the Ozarks to the north, and the Ouachitas—pronounced "wash-e-taws"—to the south) at least one conservation controversy is raging. There is resistance to a proposal by the U.S. Army Corps of Engineers to dam Buffalo River, a pure, free-flowing, spring-fed stream.

Our belated thanks to Will P. Ralph, archivist, Pacific School of Religion, Berkeley, Calif., for his help in producing our pictorial-text feature on Gold-Rush Country two months ago. The help came from a detailed "Map of the Mother Lode, Showing Early Methodist Churches Along 49 Highway," which Mr. Ralph compiled a few years ago. This map, along with other history made available to us, proved invaluable background material.

Congratulations this month go to a colleague, Associate Editor-Photographer George P. Miller, whose pictures for two recent TOGETHER text-pictorials won third in national "Picture of the Year" competition. His prize winners in the competition sponsored by the National Press Photographers Association and others were *Where Is Christ Today?* [December, 1965], and *The Search for Meaning* [November, 1966].

Our Open Pulpit minister this month, Methodist Pastor Joe W. Walker, is a former Presbyterian who tells his Presbyterian friends: "I was predestined to make the switch." He lives in Bellingham, Wash., is father of five children, and confides he is somewhat corny when he says: "Up here in the northwest corner of the northwest state we call ourselves 'borderline Methodists'!" —Your Editors

ILLUSTRATION CREDITS

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The Christian Pavilion at EXPO 67:

A Kaleidoscope of LIFE

THE WALL-SIZE picture is of a crowd gazing upward from the pavement. The room is heavy with the beat of the human heart . . . thump, thump, thump. *Whirr*. The picture changes. Now it is a clutter of shacks, hemmed in, confining, boring in their sameness. *Whirr*. Now it is an open field where cattle lie and two lovers embrace.

This is the interior of the Christian Pavilion at Canada's Expo 67 in Montreal. Already, the press is speculating that it may well be the shock of the entire exhibition. "It is the greatest attempt being made anywhere in the world," one of its creators says, "to put the Gospel in a thoroughly modern setting." But as opening day neared, the same man was frankly worried. He feared that many people will be annoyed and bewildered to find no statue of Christ, no painting of a shepherd, no room for meditation. The pavilion has no such traditional expressions, no pulpit, no Bible, no pew. Instead, the designer has used completely modern tools, lights, sounds, films, and above all pictures—possibly the most moving collection of pictures ever presented. All are arranged to create the specific experience intended on each of the pavilion's three levels.

The first level is the normal. Here the design speaks directly of man's day-to-day existence, its beauty, tedium, and eccentricity. Here are an old man and his dog, here a girl in an office, over here a policeman on his beat. Many photos are arrayed in a structure reminiscent of an apartment block, and in one square a series of color pictures flash at you: a bride walks down a crowded street, a man bathes at the Ganges, a striptease club beckons, a gondola glides through Venice.

A few feet away, cylinders with faces on them spin, and the faces alter between moods of bewilderment, expectancy, joy, and pathos. Suddenly you confront a montage of mirrors, and in an instant you become part of the environment, confronting yourself and, via a TV screen nearby, confronting others. Thus, you are drawn into the orbit of the pavilion, and the theme, *Man and His World*, becomes authentically personal.

The second level is the negative one. You descend steps to the depths of despair. The walls are black, the lights dim. A naked child screams on a bed, two boys kick a smaller one, a woman's fists are clenched in unutterable frustration, an old Oriental waits all alone for death.

The critical experience is a film, gathering into 14 minutes the idiocies and horrors of our history from prize fighting to Hiroshima. As you leave it, you are confronted



Striking architecture and a fluttering tau-cross flag mark the entrance to Expo's ecumenical Christian Pavilion.

with the aftermath of war, a pathetic mother and child weeping uncontrollably over a Viet Nam grave; a group of children playing volleyball, some with one leg or arm.

Is there any hope? Yes, says the pavilion on its third level. The Christian faith is a gift which brings its special joy and promise to all men. This is the pavilion's positive statement, suggesting (but never insisting) in the words of Charles Gagnon, the designer, that God is involved in everyday life. By its nature, the pavilion's declaration of hope eludes description.

One photograph, however, strikes many visitors as one of the most powerful statements ever conveyed by a picture. It is perhaps 20 feet high, a simple black and white scene of an old shack in the woods. Its roof leans and its walls sag. No one is in sight except a little girl making her way towards the door, a bouquet of wild flowers cradled in her arms. She is the bearer of life, and beneath her is the simple caption beginning, "Why seek for me among the dead? I am with you always . . ."

One day, a couple of weeks before Expo 67 opened, a

European television producer, sent to do a number of films on the fair, fell into conversation with a Montrealer on the site. He was, he said, largely disappointed in what he had seen so far. "The exhibits I've looked at just don't stick to the theme," he shrugged. "They're more propagandistic than a real hard look at *Man and His World*." Then, he made a couple of exceptions. His first: the Christian Pavilion.

Originally, back in 1962, the vision of the pavilion was far less daring than it turned out. Only one aspect generated any public excitement: Catholics, Protestants, and Orthodox were co-operating to erect a common pavilion. Even that got only passing attention from persons outside the church. The actual exhibit, some suggested, would be something like the Protestant-Orthodox Center at the New York World's Fair—a common roof with denominational displays side by side. This died quickly, simply because it was felt to be expressive mainly of division.

Then one cold weekend in the fall of 1964, a dim outline of what was to come began to assume shape. It was at a meeting of leaders of eight churches. Indirectly they represented 95 percent of Canada's Christian community—Catholic, Greek Orthodox, Ukrainian Orthodox, Anglican, Baptist, Lutheran, Presbyterian, and the United Church of Canada (of which former Methodists now are a part).

"The first proposal," recalls one man who was there, "was for an over-life-size figure of Christ welcoming the peoples of the world. There would be three courts, the first and biggest for welcome, the second for dialogue, and the third for meditation." This was strenuously opposed by a ruddy-faced Catholic priest named John O'Brien who heads the department of communication arts at Loyola College, Montreal.

"This is strictly an effort to talk to ourselves," he claimed. "People seeing an oversized figure of Christ will run the other way. We'll end up only with committed Christians. What we really ought to do is speak to all men. We don't need more talk among Christians. They're talking all over the world."

It was touch and go for a time but the planners accepted Father O'Brien's principle that the pavilion should not speak primarily or mainly to Christians, but to society. Father O'Brien is a Jesuit, a man with a largely secular vocabulary and a heavy commitment in the direction of Marshall McLuhan. Several persons close to the pavilion spoke of him as the man who best understood both designer Charles Gagnon's concept and the vision of the churchmen who commissioned him. Hence he became the liaison and interpreter between them.

"It's hard to pinpoint specifically what Gagnon's design says," the priest observes, "because everyone will bring his own background and project it into what he sees. But for those who want to find biblical symbolism, there is all kinds. Take the garden at the entrance. For those who come prepared, it is a throwback to paradise with fountains and flowers and tranquillity. But to others it will simply be a garden. Fine. They can still take their shoes off and dip their feet in the fountain!"

Others point to the roof design, plunging dramatically downward, then sweeping towards the sky in a denial of death and despair. A more secular symbol is a woman with aspirin breasts who suggests subtly that sexual experience has become one of society's major bromides.

Gagnon himself, say his friends, is unhappy trying to define his intentions in words and with much that has



Visitors themselves become part of the exhibit when they look into a montage of mirrors and, like this photographer, see their images in startling multiple reflections.



One photographic mural in the Christian Pavilion suggests that life can be puzzling, repulsive, and empty of meaning. Elsewhere, man's hope is illustrated.



The exhibit, designed to ask more questions than it answers, assaults the senses with still photos, motion pictures, sound effects, and dramatic lighting.

been written about the pavilion. He also designed other Expo exhibits and is already anticipating the 1970 World's Fair in Japan.

To select the rare pictures for his Christian Pavilion display, he spent many weeks personally examining some 30,000 pictures. He finally settled on 325. His 400-foot film, an excruciating documentation of evil to be shown in the pavilion's second zone, was assembled partly in New York, partly in Hollywood, from 70,000 feet of movie material. It includes scenes of Mussolini roaring, Hitler screaming, and Abyssinian innocents massacred by trained combatants. Toward the end, a beautiful flower appears, opens with promise, and then is obscured in the mushroom cloud of Hiroshima.

Quite apart from his artistic sense, Gagnon has done some very thorough research, giving himself a firm grip on his material.

"I feel very happy about what the churches have done," says Dr. Douglas Smith, a widely respected United Church minister in Montreal who is chairman of the pavilion's management committee. "They have commissioned a fine artist and they have taken him seriously."

There was, of course, deep discussion between Gagnon and the churchmen at almost every stage. Members of a theological committee met throughout the past two years with the designer and others overseeing the program. Yet, the pavilion's theology is subtle. It is implicit, rather than overt. The only obviously traditional symbol is outside, the primitive tau (T-shaped) cross, which is thought to be Christianity's oldest and hence is neither Catholic nor Protestant. Inside, in contrast to the technicolor optimism which runs through most of Expo's 80 other buildings, the pavilion is mostly austere black and white.

It is located on more than half an acre alongside the St. Lawrence River, with the Montreal skyline as a backdrop. To its west is the dramatic United Nations Pavilion and to the east, those of Greece and Israel. Nearby are Canada and France. At the entrance are a small administration building and a garden with eight flower beds and cascading fountains. To build and run it cost about \$1.3 million, one of the fair's most modest expenditures. There are 25 on its staff including 15 bilingual hostesses representing 15 languages and chosen ecumenically, to welcome the 1.3 million visitors expected to pass through before closing date on October 27. Some speak more than two languages. Like most other pavilions, the building is not permanent, though some plan is expected to make continuing use of its interior presentation; its design and installation cost about \$400,000.

Its daring design has displeased a few persons already, and this has created a certain nervousness among some members of the management committee. One member, only half joking, suggested that the prime qualification of hostesses should be "unflappability"—"because they will face a lot of very angry Christians." A few weeks before Expo's opening date, those with cold feet started wondering if there could be a meditation room "built on" or maybe some religious paintings or some Christian literature to hand out. But only one concession was made: a small brochure, explaining the pavilion in sparest terms will be available as visitors leave. But nothing must be offered as they enter. "If they come with three questions," says Father O'Brien, "we hope they leave with 30."

To Father John O'Brien, sitting in his cluttered office at Loyola, the pavilion is an incredible achievement. He leans forward and, gesturing with his hand, tells you he has seen three miracles.

"First," he explains, "there is the building itself which is strong and virile; second, the program, which is 1977 coming at modern man; and finally the fact of eight denominations, English and French, working together and not breaking down."

Says Dr. Douglas Smith, "Our com-

mon faith was what kept us together. There was never a split theologically." Dr. Smith likes to recall one of the last meetings of his management committee, the one at which the pavilion's positive statements were picked. (These now are placed beneath giant photos in the third zone.) "It was a thrilling meeting," he said. "We sat down to decide what we wanted to say together about birth, life, death, resurrection, and Pentecost!" When it was over and the captions chosen, the group was exultant. "Just like a bunch of school kids let out for recess," he recalls.

Now the world comes to see. Will it be touched? Can the pavilion possibly be, as men such as Douglas Smith hope, man's greatest modern breakthrough in religious communication? Naturally no one will ever know, for we are sometimes touched when we least sense it. A reporter who attended the pavilion's press preview wandered through the presentation before it was operative, came back, and shrugged, "Nothing in there about Christianity, just a lot of pictures."

"What is it all about then?" asked Father Jack O'Brien.

"Just life," said the reporter. He was silent a moment and then the light dawned. "I guess," he said, "that's what Christianity is all about."

—KENNETH S. BAGNELL

EARLY VOTING FAVORS EUB-METHODIST UNION

In early balloting, majorities of at least 6 Methodist and 9 of 11 Evangelical United Brethren annual conferences have ratified plans for proposed union of the two denominations in 1968.

Members of the Wyoming Methodist Conference, meeting in Kingston, Pa., endorsed plans of The United Methodist Church by a vote of 223 to 2. Two conferences of the Methodist Central Jurisdiction also okayed the projected union in early May—the Georgia Conference by 101 to 37, and the West Texas Conference by a 152 to 0 favorable vote. Other Methodist conferences reporting favorable votes include: Troy, 260 to 0; New Mexico, 150 to 17; Peninsula, 292 to 4.

In several conferences, debate centered mainly on what the proposed union would mean in terms of racial structure. Approval of the united church automatically would eliminate the segregated Central Jurisdiction and place all of its 12 Negro annual conferences in the Southeastern and South Central Jurisdictions.

In the Wyoming Conference, questions were raised about the appearance of "putting an arm around our EUB brethren, but keeping at arm's length from our Negro brother," about the "inflexibility" of the United Meth-

odist Constitution, and about the "missed opportunity" for renewal since the document includes both the Methodist and EUB statements on faith and social principles.

Each denomination must approve plans for The United Methodist Church by an aggregate two-thirds majority vote. The first 11 EUB conferences marked up an 82.7 percent total in favor. The Montana Conference voted against the proposal, 37 to 5; and Western Pennsylvania Conference failed to achieve a two-thirds majority with 192 for and 112 against. Some expected strong EUB opposition is still to be recorded.

At least nine EUB conferences have said yes to union, however. They include: Florida, 26 for, 2 against; Kentucky, 21 to 5; Iowa, 151 to 36; Rocky Mountain, 72 to 3; Indiana North, 241 to 21; Wisconsin, 197 to 14; Kansas, 204 to 24; Michigan, 215 to 12; and Minnesota Conference, 103 for, 32 against.

All 87 Methodist conferences in the United States and all but 1 of the 32 EUB conferences will have met and voted on the Plan of Union by the end of June. Some of the 42 Methodist overseas units will not meet until late in 1967, but officials expect to report a clear decision by early July.

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A G O O D F A M I L Y I N V E S T M E N T

Catholics Blast Bishop

Indiana Methodist Bishop Richard C. Raines has been editorially lashed by the official newspaper of the Roman Catholic Archdiocese of Baltimore for adopting "a posture that seems to call for the gradual suppression of Catholic schools."

Bishop Raines, in a recent speech to the National Women's Division of the American Jewish Congress, said, "It is essential to a healthy democracy that the large majority of its children should be educated together in public schools."

He pointed out that when "public funds have been made available to parochial schools, the public-school attendance has been cut in half . . . The result is that the community has been divided along sectarian lines . . ."

The Indianapolis bishop said that the "child benefit" theory—by which funds are given to the individual child rather than to the church—is only a subterfuge for doing indirectly "what the law forbids us to do directly."

Repudiating the bishop's statements, the *Catholic Review's* editorial said that the "goal of some Americans to put the hundreds of public-school systems into a single mold" is far more dangerous to democracy than the freedom and independence in education represented by today's multiplicity of public, private, and parochial schools.

"Democracy is not based on turning out identical children from identical classrooms in identical schools under identical policies carefully chalked out on Big Brother's blackboard," it stated.

Launch Viet Nam Emphasis

An all-out emphasis on Viet Nam for a period of six months has been approved by the World Division and the Woman's Division of the Methodist Board of Missions.

The two units will provide \$30,000 to finance the project in co-operation with the denomination's Board of Christian Social Concerns. The emphasis will concentrate on a national strategy conference on American foreign policy in Washington, D.C., and also will stress the Viet Nam issue at regional and annual-conference meetings.

In other action by the executive committees of the mission board as it met in New York this spring, the National Division voted to join and give financial support to the proposed formation of an Inter-Religious Foundation for Community Organization. A total of \$40,000 was allocated for the project over a two-year period, and two board staff executives—Dr. Richard Nesmith and Paul Stauffer—were appointed to the foundation's board of directors.

One goal of the new foundation is to "implement common programs and strategy among religious groups for the development of community organizations among the poor and others." Jewish, Catholic, and several Protestant agencies have pledged support.

In another development, the Board of Missions has announced that it will receive \$3,251,605 from the U.S. Foreign Claims Settlement Commission for property losses and damage in China from 1937 to 1945. In addition, many Methodist missionaries who suffered personal losses during this period have filed claims and received payment.

Unity in New Zealand

On May 10, five New Zealand churches formally committed themselves to develop a basis for union and a joint mission endeavor.

Representatives of the Anglican, Associated Churches of Christ, Congregational, Methodist, and Presbyterian Churches joined in performing an Act of Commitment at Wellington's Anglican Cathedral of St. Paul. Preceding the ceremony, some 150 delegates from the five churches participated in intensive mission study.

The Act of Commitment is not in itself union but involves a "solemn pledge for common obedience with the consecration of every endeavor that, by the Holy Spirit, the five might be brought into one church."

The New Zealand churchmen now are formulating plans for integrating their work, but certain details of structure and organization will continue to be worked out after union. Agreement already has been reached on theological training, and a joint

committee on church extension will co-ordinate the planning of church development and joint action in new population centers.

Study Guaranteed Income

Methodists have been called on to give serious attention in the coming months to the idea of a guaranteed annual income for every American family.

The Methodist Board of Christian Social Concerns, speaking only for itself and not the denomination, recently commended public and private agencies which are seriously studying the issue. Christians have an obligation, said a board resolution, to develop the "moral and ethical grounding for public policies" to provide families with enough income to participate as responsible and productive members of society.

In other key resolutions—all approved unanimously or by large majorities at its Seattle annual meeting—the board:

- Urged withdrawal of all U.S. forces from Viet Nam, after announcement of a unilateral cease-fire and agreement of both the U.S. and South Vietnamese governments to negotiate with all interested parties, including the National Liberation Front.

- Commended Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr., for his recent controversial stand on the Viet Nam war and "the continuity of his philosophy and practice of nonviolence."

- Passed resolutions favoring voluntary military service, broader recognition of conscientious objectors, and opposing the establishment of an anti-ballistic missile system.

In nonmilitary matters, the board:

- Called for an end to laws in 18



Four Methodist volunteers recently commissioned for duty in Viet Nam include, from left, the Rev. and Mrs. R. Dean Hancock, Elkhorn, Wis.; Rebecca Gould, Altoona, Pa.; and Sarah Katherine Clark, Decatur, Ala. The Rev. and Mrs. Everett W. Thompson, Methodist missionaries in Japan, are being transferred to Viet Nam. By July, the Methodist Committee for Overseas Relief is committed to send 10 more for assignment through Vietnam Christian Service, an interfaith agency.

states which prohibit interracial marriage. The board emphasized that it was not encouraging such marriages, but rather making the point that infringement of the right to marry is both unchristian and unconstitutional.

- Asked Congress to establish rules for full disclosures of financial interests of members and employees of Congress.

- Recommended that agricultural workers, including migrants and other seasonal workers, be included under the provisions of the National Labor Relations Act.

- Endorsed Project Equality [see *Project Equality*, June, page 5], an interfaith project in which religious organizations are exercising their purchasing power to encourage fair-employment practices.

Plan Interfaith Center

Lake Junaluska Methodist Assembly in North Carolina will be the site of a new national center for ecumenical study.

Dr. Carlyle Marney, former pastor of a Baptist congregation in Charlotte, N.C., and vice-president-at-large of the National Council of Churches, will direct the venture.

An "Interpreter's House" will be established at Lambuth Inn on the assembly grounds, according to Dr. J. Manning Potts, new executive director of the assembly. He added that it will be a meeting place for ecumenical dialogue as well as work in behalf of churches and institutions by clergy, laity, educators, and leaders of all faiths and races. The name "Interpreter's House" was borrowed from *Pilgrim's Progress*; it was the last way station to which the Christian pilgrim journeyed.

Hit GM, Kodak Policies

Boards and agencies of The Methodist Church, minor stockholders in many U.S. corporations, are beginning to express a moral witness in the halls of commerce.

Representatives of the denomination's Board of Missions, for example, attended the May annual meeting of General Motors Corporation to voice concern over its operations in race segregationist South Africa. The board said that GM—as well as Ford and Chrysler—strengthens South Africa's system of apartheid through heavy industrial involvement in that country.

Earlier this year, the missions board joined several other religious groups in withholding proxies on Eastman Kodak shares in a protest led by a Saul Alinsky-initiated civil-rights organization called FIGHT (Freedom, Integration, God, Honor—Today). This action served to register concern

Cautious Progress at Cambridge

FOR A TIME during the sixth session of the Consultation on Church Union (COCU) at Cambridge, Mass., this spring, it appeared that the ecumenical momentum first generated by the Blake-Pike union proposal in 1961 had somehow slipped away.

Delegates from The Methodist Church and the nine other COCU denominations gathered May 1-4 on the banks of the Charles River with the stated purpose of adopting principles of structure for a proposed 25-million-member united Protestant church.

The theological basis of the new church already had been agreed on last year at Dallas when, after five years of study and discussion, the group adopted documents covering faith, worship, ministry, and the sacraments.

But after two days at Cambridge, it became apparent that, without further discussions, adoption of final structural principles would be premature. Some delegates favored suspension of any action until next year's consultation in Dayton, Ohio—in effect, writing off 1967 as a year of no real advancement. Others urged the adoption of structural "guidelines," not so sharply drawn as "principles," which could at least give general directions to those charged with developing a specific plan of union.

Instead of taking either of these courses, the consultation chose a middle road. Repeating the call for a formal list of structural principles, it adopted 10 guidelines on structure and then specified further steps that can be taken immediately to bring the 10 churches closer together.

Guidelines accepted for the new church include agreement that structures would be functionally determined; flexible; provide for lay and clerical ministries; be racially inclusive; make policy decisions through democratically selected representatives; and assure balance between freedom and order.

The language adopted for the next unification effort was a resolution favoring "immediate steps appropriate to the development of a plan of union," with specific ref-

erences to the mechanics of unified ministry and membership and also to the building of a provisional council which initially would govern the new church.

Acceptance of common ordination of ministers and confirmation of members actually is the projected fourth step in fashioning a united church. Step three, approval of the plan of union, once was thought to be a prerequisite. The group's action this year, however, makes progress on step four possible even before the plan of union is completed and the delicate matter of presenting it to the respective communions is attempted. Step three, of course, will require further education of the various churches, and will have to await formal meetings of the governing bodies of the 10 denominations.

In the meantime, COCU can deal directly with the matter of recognition of membership and ministries so that, when the plan of union is approved, this crucial step already will have had much study.

This year's actions represent cautious but confident forward progress. Among the participants in Cambridge, the question no longer was, "Should we join in a united church?" Rather, it was, "What should our new church be like, and when can we establish it?"

One illustration of this commitment was the fact that the various delegations for the first time were not ashamed to hold denominational caucuses before plenary sessions. Like an engaged couple sharing mutual trust, COCU participants have come far enough in six years to know they would not endanger the impending union by admitting that they come from different families.

The original COCU proposal involved the union of four denominations: Methodist, United Presbyterian Church, United Church of Christ, and Episcopal. Since 1961, six other churches have joined: African Methodist Episcopal Church, African Methodist Episcopal Zion Church, Christian Churches (Disciples of Christ), Christian Methodist Episcopal Church, Evangelical United Brethren Church, and Presbyterian Church, U.S. —JAMES M. WALL



this month

With DAVID O. POINDEXTER
Broadcasting and Film Commission
National Council of Churches

THE SUN was blinding as I stepped from the theater's darkness, but it was no match for the images which were welded into my retina. I had just seen Peter Watkins' film *The War Game* at New York's Film Festival. Produced as a television documentary for the British Broadcasting Corporation, it was deemed too frightening and the network refused to show it.

My first thoughts after seeing *The War Game* were that its truth and power should be experienced by every serious adult Christian in America. It has been released, however, for showing in theaters. Critical acclaim for the film has been nearly unanimous, and in April it received an Oscar as the Best Feature Documentary of 1966.

The film's time setting is the near future. It depicts events leading up to the next war, the bewilderment of the civilian population in the face of impending nuclear attack, the destruction wrought by that attack in a Kentish community, and the awful aftermath.

It is not easy to witness such scenes as these: a little boy sobbing inconsolably because his retinas have been burned out by a fireball 27 miles away; men and women being swept like matchsticks into the vortex of a fire storm; vacant eyes of people whose minds have collapsed; trembling walls 40 miles from ground zero; police dutifully shooting the hopelessly maimed; mobs rioting for food in the aftermath of the attack.

The impact of the film is increased by the documentation artfully woven into it. At every point the narrator, in a voice that tends to underplay, intones facts that underline and lend credence. ("The nuclear arsenals of the great powers already contain the equivalent of 20 tons of TNT for every person on the planet.") No scene is shown that has not already been experienced in World War II at Hiroshima or Dresden.

This 47-minute film offers no solutions; it simply documents. Once you have seen it you cannot easily

go back to business as usual.

Years ago, Dr. Frank Laubach wrote a book entitled *Wake Up or Blow Up*. That is what this film is trying to say, and it does so in terms of human beings like you, me, and our families.

Peter Watkins insists that his sole purpose in making this film was to "break the silence" about the effects of atomic war. Richard Schickel concluded his review of the film in *Life* magazine by saying, "He [Watkins] merely reminds us—as someone probably should every once in a while—just exactly what the consequences of *The War Game* can be." The film itself concludes by saying, "There is always hope in any unresolved situation, but is there hope when there is such a silence on this subject?"

In my opinion, Methodists would do their communities a great service by encouraging exhibitors to book this film, and by promoting widespread adult attendance when they do.

Meanwhile, there are programs of significance on television this month. They include:

June 18, 1:30-2 p.m., EDT, on NBC—*The Young Singles*, third in a *Frontiers of Faith* series on *Religion and the Ages of Man*.

June 21, 9-10 p.m., EDT on NBC—*The Learning Process* with Edwin Newman.

June 23, 8-9 p.m., EDT, on ABC—*Twiggy USA*.

June 25, 1:30-2 p.m., EDT, on NBC—*Frontiers of Faith* on *The Young Marrieds*.

June 25, 6-6:30 p.m., EDT, on CBS—*The Remarkable Schoolhouse*.

June 29, 10-11 p.m., EDT, on ABC—*Summer Focus, 1776*.

July 2, 1:30-2 p.m., EDT, on NBC—*Frontiers of Faith: The Older Marrieds*.

July 5, 9-10 p.m., EDT, on NBC—*The Loyal Opposition*.

July 6, 10-11 p.m., EDT on ABC—*The Southern Accents: Northern Ghettos*.

July 16, 1:30-2 p.m., EDT, on NBC—*Frontiers of Faith: 65 Plus*.

July 19, 9-10 p.m., EDT, on NBC—*The Aviation Revolution*. □

over the controversy at the company's Rochester, N.Y., plant, where Kodak was accused of refusing to conduct a job-training program one executive had promised earlier for Negroes.

The Board of Missions holds only 10,612 of Kodak's 80.7 million shares but its leaders stress the church's obligation to ask questions nevertheless. Mrs. Porter Brown of New York, board general secretary, said the mission organization has long been negligent by "paying so little attention to the policies pursued by the corporations in which we hold stock." The church and its agencies should not use their position as stockholders to make trouble, she maintained, "but simply to raise the moral issues."

Map Bold New Evangelism

The 1968 Methodist General Conference will be asked to "establish a great, bold, and daring program of contemporary evangelism" for the first four years of the proposed united church with the Evangelical United Brethren.

The Methodist Board of Evangelism voted to make the request at its annual meeting in Seattle, Wash., and approved for further study a long-range evangelistic emphasis which envisages the use of computers, television, psychiatry, and expanded youth and adult training.

Dr. Kermit L. Long, board general secretary, said that according to preliminary estimates, the multiphase venture might cost more than \$5 million a year. He stressed that the effort is intended not so much to combat membership declines as to find and isolate the root causes. The program will be predicated, he said, on the principle that evangelism is not just preaching the Word but also "doing the deed."

The evangelism efforts, generally related to ecumenical programs, would include: recruiting 400 three-man teams to start new congregations in house trailers; producing TV spectacles involving religious and entertainment leaders; more films, drama, and the arts to reach college students; special training for pastors; a rehabilitation center for ministers under strain; programs aimed at minority groups; and expanded training of laymen in witness, worship, and theology.

Computers would be used to collect and analyze data of the entire United Methodist membership in an age of mobility.

Bishop Gerald Kennedy of Los Angeles, board president, predicted that "we are closer to the great religious revival in this country than anybody thinks." He suggested that it will not come through mergers or

councils or "through changing forms and organization but in unexpected ways—out of our faithfulness, loyalty, and seeking." He urged experimenting, then waiting patiently, "because God will bring the results."

Announce Book Award

Abingdon Press, publishing division of The Methodist Publishing House, has announced establishment of an annual award of \$5,000 for a book of outstanding merit.

Beginning in 1968, the award will be given in one of three areas each year—religious books, general books, and children's books. The religious book award, to be presented in 1968, will be for the book that most effectively communicates the Christian faith in the opinion of the judges.

Antigua Methodism Stamps

Antigua, the home of the first permanent Methodist society in the New World, has issued a commemorative stamp set to mark the inauguration of the church's autonomy.

Related to British Methodism, the Methodist Conference in the Caribbean and the Americas was formed in May at Antigua, a mini-island in the West Indies chain.

Methodism in the West Indies owes its existence to mishap. An early plantation owner named Nathaniel Gilbert asked a slave-maid for a novel and she mistakenly fetched a book by John Wesley. Profoundly moved by it, Gilbert journeyed to England to meet Wesley, hear him preach, and became converted.

Gilbert returned to Antigua in 1760 (six years before Methodism gained



a firm foothold in the American colonies) and organized a Methodist society in his estate house, now a British church shrine.

Sale of the stamps will help launch the new conference and build a headquarters. Collectors and others may obtain the set (a 35¢ denomination and the 4¢ and 25¢ stamps pictured above) by sending \$1 or more to the Rev. John R. Jennings, Box 69, St. Johns, Antigua, West Indies.

Welcome Experimental Music

Methodist churches should make appropriate use of all sources of music, both traditional and contemporary, according to a recent recommendation of the denomination's Commission on Worship, meeting in Dallas.

The commission's statement called attention to the values of renewal found in the offerings of even the most advanced-thinking musicians. "The church," it observed, "is called afresh to be concerned with all the arts and to encourage artists in giving

expression to spiritual understanding." Musicians were encouraged responsibly to use experimental forms.

"Much of the so-called 'pop' music of today has discernible religious overtones," J. Robert Hammond of Carmichael, Calif., told the group, and he illustrated his point with several tape recordings.

In other actions, the worship commission adopted a "beginning statement" on confirmation; agreed to give more attention to church architecture and its relation to worship; and began planning for a consultation this autumn with Methodist professors of worship in seminaries.

The commission proposed that the 1968 General Conference set the time of confirmation for youths at no earlier than the 7th grade nor later than the 12th grade. At present, The Methodist Church considers as preparatory members all constituents below the age of 16.

In recommending the change, the worship advisory body said it saw "real value in a long period of consideration by the youth with intensive subperiods of specific confirmation instruction."

Iowa Enacts Fair Housing

Methodist Gov. Harold Hughes of Iowa has signed into law a bill that makes it "unfair and discriminatory" to refuse to sell or rent housing to anyone because of race, color, creed, religion, or national origin.

The statewide fair-housing bill, effective July 1, was enacted by the 1967 legislature under broad bipartisan sponsorship.

The governor expressed further hope that Congress would heed President Johnson and shortly enact a federal open-housing law.

Charged with enforcement of the new bill will be the Iowa Civil Rights Commission, created in 1965.

Ecumenical Campus Center

Oregon's Portland State College has opened one of the few college religious centers in the United States designed for both Roman Catholic and Protestant students.

The Campus Christian Center, better known as Koinonia House, hopes to appeal to students who are religiously motivated but alienated from the institutional church.

Sharing the cost of the \$350,000 building are Roman Catholics, Methodists, Presbyterians, Baptists, Disciples of Christ, Episcopalians, Lutherans, and United Church of Christ. Other funds are being sought to complete the religious library and a chapel.

Dr. Arthur S. Flemming was the principal speaker at dedication cere-

Methodists in the News

Congressman John Brademas of Indiana has been awarded the highest layman's honor of the Greek Orthodox Church by Archbishop Iakovos, primate of the Archdiocese of North and South America. He is the first Greek-American not of the Greek Orthodox faith to receive the award.

Mothers of the Year (1967) include in Oregon—Mrs. Celia S. Steward of Corvallis, who is a former Methodist missionary to China; Nebraska—Mrs. John G. Elliott of Scottsbluff; South Carolina—Mrs. F. E. McEachern, Sr., of Columbia; Iowa—Mrs. Virginia Bedell of Spirit Lake.

Dr. Lewis M. Purifoy, professor of history at Emory and Henry College, Emory, Va., won Methodism's first Jesse Lee Prize for a historical work with his book *Negro Slavery, the Moral Ordeal of Southern Methodism*.

Winston H. Taylor, Methodist Information director in Washington, D.C., was installed as president of the Religious Public Relations Council.

Dr. Roger Burgess, former Methodist Board of Christian Social Concerns executive, has been named national executive director of Joint Action in Community Service, a new agency to work with Job Corps trainees.

New presidents of Methodist-related schools: Dr. John L. Knight (succeeding Dr. Norman L. Trott) at Wesley Theological Seminary, Washington, D.C.; Dr. W. A. McMillan at Rust College, Holly Springs, Miss.; Dr. Frank N. Philpot at Athens (Ala.) College. Also on the college scene: Dr. J. Earl Moreland retires after 28 years as president of Randolph-Macon College at Ashland, Va.

monies. The Methodist president of the University of Oregon and of the National Council of Churches expressed belief that church centers near college campuses can help keep students from being overwhelmed by numbers and the feeling that they have lost their personal worth.

Campus workers from each religious body maintain offices in the center and arrange activities both jointly and separately. The basement floor of the building—nicknamed the “Agora,” Greek for “marketplace”—will be used for drama, art exhibits, and as an informal meeting place.

Seek Joint Campus Ministry

Leaders of the Methodist campus ministry, seeking to function jointly with their counterparts on the “broadest ecumenical basis,” have gained initial approval for full involvement in the United Ministries in Higher Education.

Executive committees of the Methodist Board of Missions gave their approval this spring and the denomination’s Board of Education is expected to act later.

The United Ministries in Higher Education began in 1964 after the campus Christian movements of several denominations formed a united campus Christian fellowship. This led, in turn, to the formation in 1966 of the University Christian Movement (UCM). The Methodist Student Movement and the campus ministry agencies of 10 other denominations (including the Evangelical United Brethren Church) are involved.

Methodist staff members say they are committed to seeking common staff structures with all UCM member communions and regard participation in the United Ministries in Higher Education as a major step in this direction.

CENTURY CLUB

Four ladies and a gentleman, all of them 100 years old, are the newest members of the Century Club. The centenarians are:

Mrs. Naomi Bodkin, 100, Doe Hill, Va.

Gus Dauch, 100, Sandusky, Ohio.

Mrs. Martha Hunnings, 100, Newport, N.C.

Mrs. Hollis Johnson, 100, Topeka, Kans.

Mrs. Ida Letch, 100, Rochester, N.H.

In submitting nominations for the Century Club, please include the nominee’s present address, date of birth, name of the church where the centenarian is a member, and its location.

VIET NAM

THOSE WHO SAY flatly that it is unpatriotic to criticize American policy in Viet Nam have missed a central issue in the continuing debate. It is that any intelligent assessment of this most unmanageable, unpredictable, and frustrating of wars must include a careful weighing of moral questions. For it is an abdication of morality not at least to question this conflict which our nation has helped to intensify, and which has the growing potential of engulfing the world.

To cry, “My country, right or wrong!” is a confession that one has accepted the selective morality that always gains favor in time of war. But this is an ethic of emotion, not of reason; it affirms the righteousness of any action one’s nation says is necessary. It is a demonstration that one’s religion is nationalism, an admission that one has surrendered his conscience for proxy vote by a political leader. It is, flatly, the rejection of individual moral judgment and responsibility.

We will hear more of this as the war drags on, and as the pressure for a total, face-saving military victory intensifies still further. Yet if no moral boundaries are established on our actions, we will find it easy to endorse any means to the end. We can patriotically cheer every additional escalation as necessary—even to the point of self-annihilation. We will forget that just 21 years ago we prosecuted nazi war criminals on the ground that following orders was no defense for committing crimes against humanity; that an individual cannot abdicate his moral responsibility even in time of war.

But how does one assess the morality of our present situation? It is difficult at best, for we constantly are entangled in ideologies that encourage black and white thinking. Still, we must constantly assess not only our goals, but also the means we select to achieve them and the costs that will be incurred in the process. We are compelled to do this because the United States is a nation with more than a lowest-common-denominator morality.

What are American objectives in Viet Nam? Official statements stress that we are honoring treaty commitments and that we must stop communist aggression wherever it threatens peace and security.

There are moral dimensions, of course, even in the formulation of policy. Responsible critics have challenged even the premises upon which the present U.S. policy is built. But for now, let us beg those questions and weigh the means and costs against the hoped-for results.

By mid-May, for example, the number of Americans killed in Viet Nam had climbed to more than 10,000, and heavy fighting threatened to add roughly 1,000 a month to that toll. We admire the courage and devotion of our fighting men, of course, and we must support them. But that is not the essential moral question. It is: *Must they be there in the first place? Is their sacrifice necessary? How can we save additional lives?*

But the people of Viet Nam, those we are there to help, are paying far more dearly. The Viet Cong is responsible for some of this, of course. Official U.S. figures released this year state that over the past nine years terrorists have killed 11,967 civilians and kidnapped 40,988 others. Yet both sides bear some responsibility for a far greater toll attributable only to the ravages of a widening war. It is estimated that

Unanswered Moral Questions

upwards of 400,000 civilians have been killed in South Viet Nam alone, and that perhaps 1 million others have been wounded. In the 3½ years during which U.S. participation has changed from sending military advisors to actually conducting the war, South Viet Nam's refugee population has swelled to well over 1.5 million in a nation of 13 million.

Untold thousands of these war-ravaged people have no choice but to live in teeming refugee compounds, some lacking even rudimentary water systems or sanitation facilities. Many have nothing to go home to even if they could, partly because American forces have followed a "scorched earth" policy in some areas to leave nothing for the Viet Cong.

As Dr. Harry Haines, head of the Methodist Committee for Overseas Relief, declared this spring:

"The ending of hostilities will leave that small country with a ruined local economy—large areas of fields and forests defoliated, abandoned farmland which has reverted to its original jungle state, clogged inland waterways, ruined irrigation systems, dislocation of one tenth of its population who now are refugees, burned and bombed-out villages, destroyed roads, and war-clogged city slums."

We cannot blame the Communists for all this. American officials follow a rule of thumb that holds the enemy responsible for half of the civilian casualties (due to booby traps, terrorism, and mines) but admits that the other half of the casualties is due primarily to Allied bombings and artillery fire.

Our part in this destruction was sharply criticized by Senator George McGovern, a World War II bomber pilot and former U.S. Food for Peace director:

"The mightiest nation in history—a nation with a glorious democratic tradition based on the dignity and brotherhood of man—is, with allegedly good motives, devastating an impoverished little state and ravishing the people whose freedom we would protect."

As a moral nation, where do we draw the line? Where does the hurt outweigh the help we intend?

Nor is the end in sight. U.S. forces in South Viet Nam now exceed 440,000, not counting 72,000 others stationed nearby in direct support and another 250,000 elsewhere in Asia and the Western Pacific—a total of 761,000. By the year's end, nearly 500,000 will be in South Viet Nam, adding \$4 to \$6 billion to war costs that already exceed \$25 billion a year. Yet the much-heralded "other war" in Viet Nam—to mend the damage we are helping to inflict—operates on only about \$40 million a year, or a scant 1½ percent of that spent on military efforts.

Finally, what outcome can the U.S. expect from this conflict if present policies are continued? Will it strengthen our position of leadership in the world community?

Veteran Pentagon reporter Frederick Taylor wrote recently in *The Wall Street Journal* that civilians in the Pentagon are convinced that "there are no further practical steps the U.S. can take that will have a meaningful effect on the war. Yet they will go along with a stepped-up pace simply for lack of alternative proposals . . ." Defense Secretary McNamara admitted in January that all our bombing of North Viet Nam has had little effect on the flow of men and

supplies to the South, and that no anticipated increases would change that situation. The only conclusion possible is that our intensified bombing of North Viet Nam, with its mounting cost in life and property, is chiefly for political purposes. But it seems to have strengthened the resolve of the North Vietnamese, and to have driven that nation to still closer ties with China and Russia.

It is this sort of behavior that leads many other non-communist nations to judge the United States so harshly. They question, as do critics at home, whether the cost of simply widening the destruction is justified in terms of what we reasonably can expect to gain from this course. In Europe, where an estimated 80 percent of the people are critical of U.S. Viet Nam policy, this has hampered progress on further transatlantic trade agreements, on international monetary reforms, on further expansion of U.S. business interests on the Continent, and even on the signing of the nuclear non-proliferation pact endorsed by both the U.S. and Russia. In Africa, U.S. prestige and influence have been damaged. Even at the United Nations, American statements about being a nation of peace are viewed with increasing skepticism.

The danger is that we will lose our perspective, become so ensnared in the means that we forget the ends we are trying to achieve—and perhaps cannot achieve because of the means we use. The question is: Have the costs of achieving our goals become greater than the good that would accrue from their achievement? Any weighing of good and bad, of course, involves the exercise of moral judgment.

Meanwhile, as we intensify military efforts, the moral boundaries we have set for ourselves tend to become fuzzier. For, as Senator J. William Fulbright has observed:

"Conflict is a great leveler. The longer it goes on, the more indiscriminating people become in their choice of weapons; the more they find it necessary to set aside principle for the sake of principle; the more, therefore, antagonists come to resemble each other. It is for this reason that 'fighting fire with fire' is not only bad morals but bad policy: it tends to undermine the very purpose for which it was undertaken."

So, it will become easier to justify the use of napalm and gas and antipersonnel bombs, even when it is known that many civilians are nearby, the leveling of villages by intent or by accident, the increasing devastation of crops and livestock and landscape, the brutalization of prisoners, the brinkmanship with China—all on the grounds that these things are necessary to defeat a ruthless enemy. Worthy goals aside, do the ends justify the means?

The basic issue we must confront is indicated by Dr. John C. Bennett, president of Union Theological Seminary:

"Whatever may have been the reason a few years ago, what we now are doing—especially the destruction visited upon both North and South Viet Nam by our overwhelming military power—is disproportionate to any good that can come out of it for the United States or the Vietnamese."

A moral people, a moral nation, cannot remain so by following a policy based only on necessity or expediency. Somewhere a boundary must be established, a line must be drawn. Where will it be?

—YOUR EDITORS



Ah, Wilderness— It's Vanishing Fast!

By MALIN F. FOSTER



FROM MY office window I look across one of the West's largest and busiest university campuses into the mouth of a canyon which, if I enter, transports me suddenly from Space Age to primeval solitude.

Here, in a geologic jumble, is a living outdoor laboratory for scientists and historians. It is an area which has been fought over, for its steep, red-cliffed mouth has been proposed as an excellent site for a dam. But those who prize it as it is always come to its defense.

The transition from my office at

the University of Utah to undisturbed acreage is one many would like to be able to make. Hundreds of thousands of preservation-minded people—better known as conservationists—are waging a continuing battle for such a privilege.

Many cities have local chapters of such conservation groups as the Sierra Club, the Audubon Society, mountaineering clubs, or The Wilderness Society. Memberships frequently are in the hundreds. They meet at least once a month.

Representing nearly every walk

of life, these conservationists are politically alert, and ready for battle. Their ranks formed some eight years ago to urge passage of a bill before the U.S. Congress to protect and preserve our remaining wilderness areas. Three years ago, the bill was passed.

Now their task is to see that certain of these undisturbed areas—places where solitude can be found—are placed in a National Wilderness Preservation System provided for by the Wilderness Act.

Mechanically, the job is clearly spelled out.

When the act was passed in 1964, a 10-year period was set up for review of all existing "primitive areas" under jurisdiction of the U.S. Forest Service and all roadless areas of reasonable size in lands controlled by the National Park Service and the Bureau of Sport Fisheries and Wildlife.

Field hearings are held on each of these, then the hearing record is sent either to the secretary of the interior or the secretary of agriculture, who makes recommendations to the President. Then it goes to Congress for final action.

The conservationists are seeking

to build strong cases at the field level. They are opposed by a legion of stockmen, water concerns, mining interests, logging companies, and recreationists who believe roads must be built into every wilderness to facilitate "total use."

These two opposing groups have forced the nation to take a second, very hard look at its public-land management policies. They both want what they sincerely feel is best for America—but a compromise is going to be difficult.

On October 12, 1966, some 300 hikers, cattlemen, hunters, fishermen, scientists, housewives, laborers, state and local-government officials, and educators gathered in Salt Lake City for the field hearing on a proposal to place the High Uintas Primitive Area, plus a sizable addition, in the Wilderness System. The scene was fairly typical. There were those who defended the solitude and quiet they hold so dear. And there were those who felt, just as strongly, that to place this area in the Wilderness System would be unjust and would lock people out.

A highly respected, long-time resident of a town on a slope of the Uinta Mountains testified:

"These mountains have always maintained their grandeur and have offered their beautiful scenery, productive fishing waters, and lush cattle and sheep feed to all. Now some would 'build an invisible fence' so that none but the hardy young with shouldered, heavy backpacks can enjoy it."

A mother of four countered:

"My husband and I have been using wilderness areas all our lives. We've even gone in with small babies. You can still use horses, if you want. It's never been any kind of hardship for any of us. If a woman with a tiny baby can make it, can't a reasonably healthy man?"

As the testimony went on, I thought of the days I had spent in the High Uintas. A range of rugged mountains 11,000 to 13,000-feet high, they had beckoned to me since I was a small boy. I often had walked the trailed and untrailed glacial valleys, fishing each cold lake—some shallow, some dark-blue deep—all clear and clean, each adding its own personality to

the jagged cons-old mountain formations.

I recalled a day not long before the hearing when, walking out of these windy mountains after a three-day stay under the stars, I encountered another party. Among them were men I had known since childhood.

As we talked, I referred to the Wilderness Act and the possibility that this area would someday be protected under federal control. I was met with quizzical stares. Only one of the men—and all had been using the Uintas for years—knew what it was all about.

"Does this mean we can't get in here anymore?" one asked defensively.

It does not mean that, but there are many who believe it does. I explained that "wilderness" means a ban against man-made developments, and that the region could be traversed only by foot or horseback.

All these men came to the hearing, and each urged designation of the Uintas as a wilderness area.

I also have talked with cattlemen and sheepmen. They were at the hearing, too, but their testimonies reflected different sentiments. They were afraid their grazing rights would be too tightly managed if a wilderness area is designated.

Officials of the Central Utah Water Conservancy Project objected hotly and ominously that if the government allowed implementation of the Wilderness Act here, critical water supplies could not be utilized. They voiced concern that the arid but potentially productive desert lands to the south would be jeopardized if the Uintas' glacial lakes could not be dammed and stored for controlled use.

The conservationists answered that the only real protection this

valuable water could have was offered by the Wilderness Act. Many were of the opinion that without strict protection, the watershed itself would soon be destroyed.

Scientists and educators pleaded for maintenance of the status quo, arguing that only in true wilderness is there any remnant of pure ecological records—the story of life on earth.

The same basic issues are being aired at hearings which would place other lands in the Wilderness System—for example, Isle Royale



National Park in Lake Superior, and Great Swamp, within eyeshot of New York City and Newark, N.J.

So many people attended the Great Swamp hearing that it had to be moved to much larger quarters. Most were of the opinion that Great Swamp afforded residents of crowded cities a handy glimpse of the land as it was "before progress."

"Please leave it the way it is," they asked.

Isle Royale and Great Swamp illustrate the great contrasts in areas being considered.

Isle Royale is one of the few places on earth where the cunning timber wolf exists in the presence of a herd of moose. The park, a pine-forested, oblong island, in Lake Superior, is becoming accessible to summer visitors.

Great Swamp, a National Wildlife Refuge, is a tangled, twisted jungle of marsh, undergrowth, and ancient trees. A mute remainder of the lush, coastal lands the colonists found, it harbors a full community of wildlife—birds, animals, and reptiles. This wilderness "island amid the millions," it is pointed out, is the only place available for biology field trips by students from New



York and Newark high schools.

But, there are other kinds of meetings—both outdoors and indoors. A wilderness hike last year brought out 576 men, women, and children—of all ages—to participate in a 17-mile hike to protest the building of a road through some of the most primitive scenery in the Appalachians.

Rain-soaked members of the party discovered a long-forgotten stand of red spruce, hundreds of miles south of the Canadian zone

and showed us one of the world's most impressive geologic fantasies. With a feeling of awe, we walked a two-mile wilderness trail through "The Fiery Furnace," where the red-rock strata stand straight on end, creating a maze of long, narrow corridors. A tyro alone in the area could become lost in minutes.

Activities in connection with the 1964 Wilderness Act will increase as consideration is given to placing up to 50 million acres of public lands in the Wilderness System. If all these acres should be included, the nation would have dedicated only 2½ percent of its total land area to wilderness use.

After speaking recently to an annual meeting of the Arizona Game Protective Association, I was asked, "Does The Wilderness Society oppose hunting?" Some conservation organizations, I explained, do oppose killing wildlife, but the Wilderness Society believes in "using" wilderness appropriately, according to the area involved.

In Idaho's vast Selway-Bitterroot Wilderness Area, where large herds of elk abound, hunting would be a conservation measure. It is needed to control the herds' size and prevent overgrazing and resultant disease. By hunting, however, I do not mean free-for-all, highly mechanized, "roadside" hunts. That is killing just for killing's sake. Selway-Bitterroot is a prime area for quality wilderness hunting. Its hundreds of thousands of acres along the Idaho-Montana border harbor not only elk, but deer, mountain sheep, fish, and small game.

There are several uses for wilderness, but the underlying philosophy of the movement is to keep it from becoming totally used up. A prime reason is to preserve the scientific and educational heritage the wildlands have to offer.

Aldo Leopold brought deeper meaning to conservation many years ago. He said: "Ability to see the cultural value of wilderness boils down, in the last analysis, to a question of intellectual humility . . . The shallow-minded modern man has lost his rootage in the land assumes that he has already discovered what is important."

The philosophy of maintaining wilderness in chosen parts of our land

is not a new one. Henry David Thoreau theorized that "in wildness lies the preservation of the world."

John Muir, father of our National Park Service, said:

"Thousands of tired, nerve-shaken, overcivilized people are beginning to find out that going to the mountains is going home; that wildness is a necessity; and that mountain parks and reservations are useful not only as fountains of timber and irrigating rivers but as fountains of life."

"A peculiarity about wilderness is that it exhibits a dynamic beauty," said Robert Marshall, world conservation leader and early light in The Wilderness Society. "A Beethoven symphony or a Shakespearean drama, a landscape by Corot, or a Gothic cathedral, once finished, becomes virtually static, but the wilderness is in constant flux."

I do not believe even opponents of wilderness disagree with these philosophies in essence. But our changing world is becoming too crowded to find much real solitude. Our increasing population must be clothed, sheltered and fed, and this calls for more and more land.

But I agree with a scientist who said recently that man needs wilderness to maintain his sanity; that he is biologically dependent on some form of solitude if he is to continue his rational development in a complicated, highly mechanized society. Solitude, to most, is found amid natural beauty, in the absence of man-caused intrusions.

Despite its compelling need for land utilization, however, the United States has set a worldwide example in conservation. Too late, many nations are asking: "Why didn't we do something long ago?"

Early Americans found wilderness a stark adversary. They fought it and beat it to make a place for themselves. Now, paradoxically, we remember what the wilderness gave us and what it can give us again.

Marshall summed up the task: "There is just one hope of repulsing the tyrannical ambition of civilization to conquer every niche on the whole earth. That hope is the organization of spirited people who will fight for the freedom of the wilderness." □

where they normally grow—right in the path of the proposed road!

Throughout the spring, summer, and autumn, Sierra Club and Wilderness Society groups gather at the threshold of forest, desert, and river-canyon lands around the nation. These organized wilderness trips, designed to create interest in conservation, include groups of a dozen to 200. They walk, ride horses, and float in rubber rafts.

At group meetings in homes and public meeting places, the recently aroused conservationists plan strategy for the next wilderness hearing. They discuss impending hydroelectric proposals, organize for their next outdoor trip—and show slides and home movies of the last one!

Last November, I toured Utah's Arches National Monument with Clifton R. Merritt, director of field services for The Wilderness Society, and my cousin, John Barnes. This red-rock wonderland, punctuated with many natural stone arches (hence its name) soon will be the subject of a wilderness hearing. We were there to prepare ourselves.

After an hour's chat with Monument Superintendent Bates E. Wilson, the chief naturalist, Dennis Carter, loaded us into a carryall



A few miles off the beaten path, high above a river valley,
he finds unspoiled grandeur where winds blow wild and free, and
distance lends blue-green enchantment to every horizon.

The View From Mt. Nebo

By HERMAN B. TEETER
Associate Editor



DURING THE NIGHT, the storm struck the south end of the mountain, moaning and shrieking in the wind-gnarled pines around my cabin at the edge of the cliff. I awoke to rolling thunder, and to lightning so vivid I could tell the time—3 a.m.—and see tree-tops, like tossing blades of grass, in the valley nearly 2,000 feet below.

Forked fingers of light probed the valley, playing among the summit cliffs of lonely, uninhabited Spring Mountain to the west. Thunder growled down the chimney's rock throat and, thwarted, stalked away across the valley, grumbling.

I was alone on the mountain, as far as I knew, except for the park superintendent and his family—a long hike away through wind-lashed forest—and I liked it.

I had wanted to photograph the rising sun from a craggy point, half a mile away. Three hours before dawn I made a pot of coffee, burned an egg, fried toast in a skillet, and discovered there was no salt or sugar. No morning newspaper, radio, or television, either, and that didn't seem to matter at all.

Later, in morning darkness, I found my way by flashlight to partial shelter among trees and overhanging rocks. By 5:30 a.m., I could see the leading edge of the storm front moving 30 or 40 miles away to the east with sullen flarings and occasional angry bolts followed by thunder that reverberated time and again from mountain walls on all sides of me.

Now and then the gray clouds would part briefly and the broad valley, with its scattering of lights, would appear far below. In the misty half-dawn, the lights—ordinarily white—appeared as green gems floating in a sea of ink.

All over the area, rain was falling. It was raining on 2,800-foot Magazine Mountain, over the spring-fed headwaters of Little Buffalo and Big Buffalo, the White and Horsehead; it was slashing across Devil's Knob, and falling on the little mountain communities of Bass, Deer, Jerusalem, and Lost Corner. In the 1,065,000 acres of the Ozark National Forest, to the north, I knew the rangers would be changing the

fire danger signs from "very high" to nonexistent.

The cold rain that dripped from my nose and seeped under my collar to chill my backbone also was seeping down through thick carpets of oak leaves and moss, into limestone sinkholes and forest loam. It was raining on Petit Jean Mountain, across the valley, and sheets of rain obscured lonely Spring Mountain where ancient pear trees—planted and then deserted by early settlers—would soon be abloom. But nowhere on that forbidding height was there anyone to know.

Long after sunrise, the gray haze of water vapor lingered against the sun, and the electric eye of my camera repeatedly said "no" to any photograph. I went back to the cabin along a trail where mountain wild flowers nodded their heads in appreciation for every raindrop, and I sat beside the rock fireplace listening to the wind.

At this elevation, the wind blows almost all the time. It sings, sighs, howls, roars, and shakes this cabin of stone, on and of the mountain. The mountain is like a seashore, constantly subject to wind rather than waves, and it sounds here even when calm, hot days fall upon the valley.

Down there somewhere under the seudding clouds, dogwood is in full flower. When I saw it yesterday banked against the eastern heights of the mountain, I was reminded of snowfields that linger in the sun.

From a distance, my mountain is the same blue, monolithic, forested giant that loomed always on the horizons of my youth. But time and weather, including this morning's heavy rain, have been at work. Every decade or so some giant boulder comes crashing down a precipitous slope and through the trees. No longer, for instance, can I find my way down a rockslide to a little cave-balcony where I once whiled away summer afternoons watching the buzzards ride the updrafts hour after hour with scarcely a movement of their great wings.

In the late afternoon, when the sun came out, I went to the north end of the mountain and looked down on the new lake that thrusts liquid fingers into all the valleys and hollows formed by the down-flowing Ozark streams. Far beyond the lake, now teeming with fish, are Arkansas' deep-blue mountain ranges that feed Big Piney, Little Piney, the Mulberry, the Illinois, Hurricane Creek, and smaller streams. In none is there a trace of industrial waste.

"The day was beautiful. Sunny and mild. Wind whipped around the cabin of the boat. The stern churned a sparkling wake in the water. . . . But as the boat approached the industrial area with air filled with putrid odors from chemical and petroleum plants . . . smoke from the steel mills reinforced the sickening odors and dirtied the sky . . . The water was dark and ugly with oil and many varieties of filth."

—Donald M. Schwartz, *Chicago Sun-Times*

Many have said they climb mountains "because they are there," but no one has explained why some

of us go merely to sit on a mountain, to meditate, to thoroughly enjoy a view from some unspoiled wrinkle in the earth's crust.

If there are any psychiatrists reading this, please don't bother to explain. For 40 years—at least once a year, frequently more often—I have come to sit on this mountain, to walk and climb and look out over a world I can no more reach out and touch at the moment than I can sift the sands of Mars through my fingers.

From this rocky cliff top, I have seen the sun rise scores—perhaps hundreds—of times, and I have seen it go down just as often. This mountain, that valley, these trees and rocks, this almost endless view, does something *for me*, and there are no words to express exactly what. Renewal of inner resources, inspiration, relaxation, wonder—words like these fit loosely, or hang on like faded labels.

This morning, as I await another sunrise, the entire mountain is alive with bird calls. As the massive bulk of the earth heaves sunward, a scarlet glow mounts toward the zenith long before the red rim of the sun appears over the crest of a distant mountain. Far below, the valley remains puddled in night, but finally the multiple mirrors of the serpentine river, and the round farm ponds, catch the light. Dawn seeps into places I know so well—New Hope, Bethel, Pisgah, Pottsville, Dardanelle, Russellville.

"The hour is late and the agony of the land is intense. Most Americans have long assumed that the waste of resources was curbed and that victory over greed and wantonness was achieved in the days of Theodore Roosevelt. Nothing could be farther from the truth."

—Harry M. Caudill

I am vitally concerned about what goes on down there in the valley. It is home country, and I want to keep coming back as additional years are granted to me. I do not want to find here what I have seen in the great cities to the north and east. I do not want to see this new lake die as beautiful Lake Erie died, as the pendant jewel of Lake Michigan may be dying. I do not want to find "No Swimming—Polluted Water" signs posted at Long Pool or Blue Hole, or anywhere else up and down these clear rivers.

My ancestors were among the people who helped settle the valley. God-fearing folks that they were, they named this mountain Nebo, recalling a mountain fastness that hides the grave of the biblical Moses. My forefathers fought the trees in the valley—the huge oaks, sweet gums, persimmons, hickories, walnuts, maples, and cottonwoods. They broke their backs and their hearts clearing new ground—hardest of all pioneer labors.

All that—the wholesale destruction of trees—has changed, except where the careless or the pyromaniac still set fires. As a boy, I saw Nebo glint and glisten in the night like some monstrous ember as flames ate through timber and underbrush. I saw the town's sewage empty into the beautiful Illinois River.

The young men and their elders in my hometown,

co-operating with state and national conservationists, have treated their valleys and mountains well. No longer do week-long fires burn along the flanks of this mountain. No longer does the sewage of a rapidly growing town pour into a river. Instead, there is a \$2.5 million sewage treatment plant. And from the two new factories on the edge of town, I see not even a wisp of smoke this bright morning in mid-April.

"But something is happening to our atmosphere, even here," says Coy Hodges, the park superintendent. "Ten years ago, here on Nebo, it seemed you could look out and see forever in any direction. Now most of the time there is a sort of haze that clears up only when it rains. The wind moves it in from the dusty plains, perhaps from Fort Smith or Tulsa not too far west of us."

"... with increasing amounts of waste products concentrated in areas with growing populations, the relative effects of these wastes on man are increasing at an ever-expanding rate. These rates are of an insidious nature, a form of creeping paralysis which, if not recognized and corrected, can lead to urban stagnation and death as surely as the most violent epidemic."

—A Panel of Distinguished Scientists

The southeast wind this morning is cool, moisture laden, seemingly as pure as it was at the dawn of creation. Is it possible that only last week I was threading my way to and from work on an expressway near Chicago, cars speeding to the right and left, in front and behind, turning in and out, losing themselves in a yellowish haze that this same south-east wind brings in from steel mills and industrial complexes near the city?

The nation is distressed. But here, still, are the forests, the rivers, the singing pines, the mountains—all relatively unspoiled.

Since boyhood, I have ranged far and wide from this country, the one great mountainous area between the Rockies and the Smokies. In the Smokies and the Cumberlands, also, I have found something of what I find here—something in the great out-of-doors. I have seen it and felt it from high trails and from other bluffs, but any who share my affection for the hills and streams of home will understand that nowhere else is that emotion quite so deep.

Here, long ago, I took an old mud scow on a float trip down the Illinois River. Floating down one stretch of rapids thrilled me so much that I worked an hour to push the flat-bottomed boat up there again for one more ride.

Here, as a boy, I followed the zigzag, stair-step course of mountain streams such as Big Piney. Like most around here, its downhill rush is interrupted now and again by long blue pools that stretch into shallow gravel shoals.

I was standing shoulder-deep in one such pool that day, arms high overhead to flounce a fly with a light bamboo pole, when I felt the fish strike. He wasn't much over a foot long, but he was all blue steel and

white water until I finally played him back into the shallows, and held him up in the sunlight. Pound for pound, no fish I have ever caught put up a fiercer fight. The thrill of him left me trembling with excitement, and I sat on a rock to dry out in the sun until my father returned from downstream with perch and bass. Mine was a beautiful blue channel catfish!

A boyhood such as this, in an environment such as this, always stamps the man that is to be. I grew up, for example, with John Gardner, now a local dentist. But he also is the most enthusiastic and well-informed amateur botanist I have ever known. On less than an acre of flowering, well-tended lawn around his white-columned home, he has planted 90 varieties of shrubs, and 100 varieties of trees.

Fond as he is about all things growing in the earth, John Gardner does not go along with those who would preserve large wilderness areas accessible only by foot or horseback.

"Recently I conducted a tour into the Ozarks, pointing out and identifying some of the rare flowers and trees," he said. "If the road hadn't been there, the trip would not have been possible. For advocates of total, roadless wilderness, I can only wave my hand at more than a million acres of managed forests and streams in Ozark National Forest. All people should have access to the wonders of nature that remain."

"Our resource problems in the 1960s are measured by the flyway of a bird, the length of a river, the half-life of an element, the path of a wind, the scope of the oceans, the shape of our cities. The years ahead will require both public and private conservation statesmanship of a high order."

—Stewart Udall, Secretary of the Interior

Last night, for the last time, I went down to Sunset Point and watched the south wind lay down a white carpet at my feet. The clouds moved in to obscure the treetop sea of greenery that sweeps away to break into a crest atop mysterious Spring Mountain. One by one the little lights in the valley were hidden from view, leaving only the stars above. Then a second cloud front rushed in like some titanic wave, breaking into fine mist among the wind-twisted trees.

I walked back to the cabin through cloud country, under ghostly pines that dripped condensation like a gentle rain. I put match to paper and wood, and then—as flames roared up the rock chimney—knew I had been able to return home once again.

You *can* go home again, you know—not to the town of your boyhood, now doubled in population, where almost every face on the street is that of a stranger; not for long, even, to the childhood friends who remain there, whose interests and associations you no longer may share.

But you can go back, as I do, to your lakes, your rivers, and your mountains—if you are fortunate, and if your fellowmen have been wise in protecting that which we have the power to destroy, but not to recreate . . . not even in a million years. □

Richard D. Griffith:

MONTANA FORESTER



MOST farmers plant and harvest from season to season, but the crop Richard D. Griffith planted last year won't be ready for another hundred years.

Naturally, he wishes he could be around to see the great, new forests of ponderosa pine, Douglas fir, and western larch that he hopes will be standing where his seedlings grow today.

But Dick Griffith of Libby, Mont., has little time for daydreaming. As chief forester for a division of the St. Regis Paper Company, his job is to press on with a program designed to produce a perpetual harvest of trees.

"Of course, the mistakes we make may not be apparent until after we are gone," he admits. "And our successes may take years to become visible."

The St. Regis Company, largest in the state, owns 205,000 acres of timberland in northwest Montana. In Libby, it has two sawmills, another large mill for producing 2 by 4-inch lumber, a plywood plant, and a pole plant. The company employs between 1,200 and 1,400 persons, plus another 200 to 300 who do contract logging. Each year the pole plant peels and treats with preservative some 150,000 poles, and the mills turn out enough lumber and plywood to build 25,000 average-size homes.

This is all background for Dick Griffith's job—another typical of

After logging operations, seed trees were left standing for a future crop on a tract being inspected by Dick Griffith.

the diverse callings found among "people called Methodists." Until recently, his role in lumbering would have been unique. Once, lumbermen went into the virgin forests to plunder, destroy, and then move on to other timber stands with never a thought for the future. When the power saws whined, the forest giants groaned and fell, never to be replaced.

Now, when the logging is done, Dick and his crews go back to replace the timber stands. He is assisted by five other graduate foresters. They work within a 40-mile radius of Libby, an industrious lumber and mining town, and they know every inch of the scenic grandeur around them—the snowcapped peaks, the wild Kootenai River, and the great forests that still afford an abundance of elk, deer, moose, bear, mountain goats, and bighorn sheep.

"We determine areas to be cut each year, mark the trees to be cut, and dispose of the logging slash," he explains. "We do thinning of stands to increase the growth rate of trees to be harvested. We analyze timber growth and yield, and make studies of reproduction.

"Also, we manage our tree nursery to provide seedlings for planting, plant seedlings where necessary, and look after our four free campgrounds. Then, whenever necessary, we fight fire."

At 50, Richard Griffith goes through the day with the appearance of a man very much in love with life—and the life he lives. Yet he appears just as much at home as chairman at a meeting of his church's board of trustees as he does on snowshoes in the winter.

While it is necessary for him to spend about half of his time at a desk, Dick frankly admits he would rather be out in the woods. Most of the year, he wears calked boots (with short spikes in the soles) for better traction on hillsides or when walking logs. In the winter, the snowshoes are often needed, for the snow in the rugged mountains above Libby sometimes reaches a depth of four feet.

Like most modern woods workers, Dick doesn't have to lead the life of the old-time lumber-



A century or more separates the tiny seedling at left from the forest giant Dick Griffith is estimating (with a clinometer) at 180 feet in height. In fact, many of the trees in the virgin forest are more than 300 years old. Dick's company plants more than 100,000 seedlings a year, replacing each stand soon after logging operations end.



At home with his wife, Phyllis, after a summer day in the woods, he yields to his favorite indulgence—a slice of cold watermelon. Phyllis, according to her pastor, "is the kind of woman who will help run the household of a neighbor family when the mother is in the hospital—even going as far as to do the other woman's canning!"



The Griffith family at work and play: Brenda (left), co-valedictorian of her high-school graduating class, works in a restaurant before going to college. Meanwhile, Phyllis and Jo Anne, a seventh-grader and a sports enthusiast, play a round of golf. Larry, a Dartmouth student, holds down a summer job at the St. Regis office in Libby.

jack in a logging camp. He is able to return home each night to be with his family—his wife, Phyllis, and their three daughters. Their son is a student at Dartmouth.

The Griffiths were singled out by their pastor, the Rev. Quentin R. Schwartz, as outstanding examples of Christian living and inspirational leadership among members of Libby's First Methodist Church.

"The family as a whole," Mr. Schwartz said, "accepts responsibility in church and community affairs." He listed no fewer than 15 important church roles filled by

members of the family, along with numerous civic, school, and charitable activities.

Born near Custer, Mont., Dick received his master's degree in forestry at Yale, and came to the Libby area in 1940. He served in Alaska and the Aleutians during World War II, and today is positive about his reasons for choosing forestry as a career.

"I enjoy my work in the woods, and I like to watch the trees grow," he says. "It is fascinating to try different treatments to improve the growth and the stands, and to try

to find the ideal method for each species of tree.

"There is so much we don't know about how trees respond that I am continually surprised at some of our results."

Planting forests for the future requires a great deal more work and planning than one would think. Seed trees play an important role in the reforestation program.

"In the pine and larch timberstands, we leave four to six seed trees per acre when we harvest the stand. Then we use bulldozers to mow down all the trees below merchantable size, and crush them to the ground.

"After the debris has dried for one summer, it is burned with the big seed trees still standing there. The purpose is to dispose of the logging slash and prepare bare mineral soil for the seed to land on. In a way, it is just like a farmer plowing his field. We treat about 3,000 acres yearly in this manner."

Some seed years are good, some are bad. Often the nursery must supply the seedlings. Then when a stand is established, it must be protected from fire and cattle



Allyson, youngest member of the family—and perhaps the most active—is an interested pupil in her church-school class.



Dick, who owns this lot on property he developed on beautiful Crystal Lake, plays host at a picnic for friends.

grazing. Not only that, the stand must be thinned at 20, 40, and 60 years of growth. Then, when another 40 years have passed, Dick Griffith's crop will be ready for harvest.

While American lumbering methods are not as controversial as they once were (thanks, for one thing, to reforestation programs), many conservationists believe more virgin timberlands should be set aside for recreation.

Dick, who is chairman of the

Northern Rocky Mountain section of the Society of American Foresters, says his organization is not opposed to setting aside wilderness areas. He feels, however, that "there is a limit to the acreage needed for this exclusive use.

"Generally, timber stands can be used for all types of recreation and still produce usable timber crops with care taken to eliminate areas of conflict by wise planning."

If anyone around Libby sincerely wants to preserve the resources

and scenery around him, that man is Dick Griffith—forester, churchman, hunter, and camper.

"I like where I live in this small community in a green timbered valley surrounded by mountains that are snowcapped nine months of the year. I use about a week of my vacation hunting each fall, and I usually get a deer and an elk."

He pauses, and smiles.

"Do you know how we spend the rest of my vacation? We go camping!" —HERMAN B. TEETER

FROM HIS law office in one of the city's new steel-and-glass spires, Bill Lenihan looks southwest over industrial Seattle, with its old, mossy-roofed brick buildings, and across Puget Sound. But his imagination stretches behind him, north-eastward to the mountains and forests, where controversy rages over the largest and finest alpine wilderness in the 48 contiguous states.

The North Cascades cover 7 million acres of craggy peaks, alpine meadows, sparkling glaciers, giant stands of Douglas fir, mineral wealth, and remarkable hunting and skiing.

More than 6 million acres of it are owned by the federal government and managed for multiple use—including lumbering and mining—by the United States Forest Service.

This amazing swatch of grandeur, starting at the Canadian border and sweeping east of Seattle to Mount Rainier National Park, is the center of a struggle freshly stoked by the Johnson administration's bill for a North Cascades national park, plus a large wilderness and recreation area.

The park and recreation area would be administered by the National Park Service, while the wilderness area would be controlled by the Forest Service.

Bill Lenihan loves the country, but he does not agree with some ardent conservationists. Skiing has dominated his perspective, and in 1966 his love for the sport propelled him into helping found Outdoors Unlimited, Inc., which gathered more than 10,000 members in its first months for "a dollar a head and \$25 for organization," Bill says.

Their avowed aim: to unite opponents of national park and major wilderness areas in the North Cascades, and give them a powerful voice in determining what is done with the land.

The potential is great. Outdoors Unlimited can draw on the traditional opponents of national parks and protected wilderness—the timber and mining interests—as well as many sportsmen.

Storm Over the

One of conservation's biggest battles rages in the Pacific Northwest. Can we afford to preserve the best remaining splinter of forest wilderness there for future generations? Can we afford not to?

The Johnson administration's proposed 570,000-acre national park, and the proposed 500,000-acre Pasayten wilderness east of the park, would be off limits for hunting, lumbering, permanent ski areas, motorized mountain scooters ("tote goats"), and other activity considered destructive to a wilderness. An exception that disturbs conservationists, however, is that mining and prospecting are allowed in wilderness areas (a legislative designation under the Wilderness Act of 1964).

The North Cascades were first suggested for national park status in 1906, and the first bill introduced in 1916. The current proposal was filed by the U.S. Department of the Interior with the formal, if reluctant, approval of the U.S. Department of Agriculture.

This bill is both important and controversial. Conservationists warn that destruction is nibbling at the edges of the North Cascades and piercing them at points with mining, lumbering, dams, and the inevitable roads that march ahead of commercial development.

"Nonsense," says Bill Lenihan who sees the controversy centered around timber. "I look at trees as a renewable resource. The general premise of some people is that the only way to preserve an area is to put a wall around it. But the Douglas firs in Mount Rainier National Park aren't being preserved. Trees in mature areas are dying, as always, and the character of the forest is changing.

"Renewable resources," he con-

cludes, "have to be managed."

Management is an area of major disagreement between the determined conservationists and the foresters and Bill spent two of his college years studying forestry.

Hard-nosed wilderness buffs insist that the few remaining areas should be left as a laboratory where nature can take its course, where scientific studies can be carried on, and where wildlife can survive.

Carl Buchheister of the National Audubon Society observes that wildlife is losing ground "simply because we have taken away so much of its living space."

Chief among wilderness advocates is the California-based Sierra Club, with 47,000 members. David Brower is its eloquent and often irate executive director.

"Let's give priority, right now, to saving as much unspoiled and unmanaged wilderness as possible," he argues, "just in case the management advocates happen to be wrong."

What is wilderness anyway? Dave Brower's favorite definition is this: Wilderness is where the flow of life, in its myriad forms, has gone on since the beginning, essentially uninterrupted by man and his technology. It is where man respects what that life force has built in the old eternity, and can probably keep building quite well in the new eternity, without man's help—except in his willingness to come, see, and not conquer.

Nearly everyone seems to agree that some wilderness ought to be preserved, but the unanimity shat-

North Cascades

By CAROL M. DOIG

ters immediately over the question, "How much is enough?"

Bill Lenihan favors small areas that would protect unique formations.

Dave Brower says we need just about all that remains, because that is little enough.

A 1961-62 survey by the Wildland Research Center of the University of California placed remaining protected wilderness in the 48 states at 19 million acres. National forest wilderness opened to commercial use has disappeared at a rate of a million acres a year for 30 years, the survey found.

We are simply running out of land 3½ centuries after the first European settlers began hacking at a vast continent which had been substantially unmolested by its million Indian inhabitants.

Bill Lenihan points out, on the other hand, that "there are more than a million acres of national-park land right now in the state of Washington (Olympic and Mount Rainier parks), and another million in wilderness areas protected by the Forest Service in the North Cascades."

A million acres sounds impressive, but it is equal to an area only 30 by 52 miles. Conservationists point out also that the western states must bear the trust for the entire country, because they contain 90 percent of the remaining wilderness areas—which, nationally, add up to less than 2 percent of our land.

Lenihan, a native Washingtonian, is loath to admit that trust. He

thinks the state should be used primarily by its own people. "I resent outsiders trying to dictate policy of land that serves Washington," he says.

But another of the state's avid skiers, Gov. Dan Evans, sees the North Cascades as a "heritage not just of the people of this state but of the entire nation. They are an area of natural beauty and grandeur of national significance which deserves national recognition and protection."

The governor backs a national park, plus areas set aside for hunting, skiing, and other uses.

After an intense struggle between the Department of Agriculture and the Department of the Interior, the Johnson administration proposed a larger national park than Gov. Evans envisions. The agriculture department contains the Forest Service, while interior oversees the National Park Service. Since few other lands are available, national parks usually are carved out of Forest Service territory. Each time this happens, the Forest Service considers it a land grab.

In 1962, Secretary of Agriculture Orville L. Freeman and Secretary of the Interior Stewart L. Udall agreed to a joint study of the North Cascades.

The study was made, but the members split. The two agriculture representatives were against a park, the two from interior wanted one. The chairman, Edward C. Crafts of interior's Bureau of Outdoor Recreation, adopted a middle stance. His proposals, including a

national park, have been basic to the administration's bill.

Gov. Evans castigated the two departments for "foolish rivalry" and said: "There is no argument that the recreational use of the area is the predominant consideration. There is also little argument but that vast areas should be preserved in their present natural wilderness state with a minimum of incursion of the works of man."

"The main disagreement in the report of the study team is not on the idea of wilderness nor on the idea of preservation of this recreation area but on the question of which federal agency will administer those portions of the North Cascades set aside for wilderness and recreational use."

Although at least one of the major wilderness groups will submit its own North Cascades national park bill to stimulate congressional debate, conservationists generally seem willing to line up behind the administration's proposal, if it is amended to strengthen wilderness protection in specific areas.

Stewart Udall is an articulate and idealistic preserver of wilderness, but as secretary of the interior he has been forced to walk a tightrope. As he explains his mandate from Congress and the President, "We're enjoined to preserve, but use."

Meanwhile, some of our existing national parks are in danger of being overrun with visitors. Yellowstone, the oldest park, is blighted by the "Kodak flower" and the "Kleenex bush," and souvenir hunters peck away at formations surrounding the mineral pools. On summer days, the roads are reminiscent of a metropolitan traffic jam. Other parks, from neighboring Glacier to faraway Cape Cod National Seashore, also are feeling the press.

And so the nation faces a monumental task—that of providing needed recreation areas while at the same time preserving its unique heritage for the future.

In the North Cascades, the Park

Service plans a tramway into the wilderness. A heliport was suggested but apparently abandoned in the face of loud protest from wilderness protectors.

"The wilderness idea is getting lost," fumes Dave Brower, "due to the stress on providing mass recreation. It's turning into a sort of 'operation sandbox.'"

Nevertheless, the predominant conservationist view is that the Park Service, overall, has done a creditable job of both wilderness protection and recreation. That is its mission, after all, while the business of the Forest Service includes multiple and profitable land use.

Orville Freeman, whom many conservationists rate as a fine secretary of agriculture, points out that 1.2 million acres of the North Cascades now under Forest Service administration are managed as wilderness. "These will remain wilderness regardless of the outcome," he says flatly of the current drive for a national park.

However, only national-park status can prevent mining, which is on the increase. And a probing of the record reveals that the Forest Service, despite a conservation-minded secretary of agriculture as its boss, has systematically logged North Cascades areas which wilderness buffs list among the best.

Brock Evans, a young lawyer who serves as a representative for several conservationist groups, says:

"The lowland trails that remain nearby, easily reached from major population centers, are not protected and the Forest Service has no plans to protect them. Under the auspices of 'multiple use,' all remaining virgin lowland forests, together with the trails through them, will be logged.

"A careful examination of the maps in the 1965 North Cascades study-team report shows that wilderness boundaries proposed by the Forest Service were drawn to exclude nearly every existing stand of commercial timber."

As Justice William O. Douglas, a determined conservationist, points out, it takes from 150 to 400 years, depending on elevation and other factors, to replace a mature Douglas fir. Never, of course, can a virgin forest truly be replaced.

Because profits look good in the Forest Service budget, and because 25 percent is contributed to the counties where the timber is logged, there is potent pressure to keep the lumber flowing.

The administration bill is an attempt to find a middle group among warring factions. It is difficult to tell, yet, how successful the strategy will be.

The Senate's Interior and Insular Affairs Committee, under the chairmanship of Sen. Henry M. Jackson of Washington, is giving the proposal a fair hearing, but its House counterpart could bury the proposed legislation.

Proponents declare that voter pressure, pouring in from every direction, will be needed to pry the

Unspoiled and majestic is this part of the proposed park area beyond—and below—lofty Sourdough Mountain.



bill loose and get it into both houses for a vote. Pressure also could lead to amending it so that all the Glacier Peak Wilderness Area, south of the current site, would be included.

Even with that, however, most of the North Cascades will not be protected, no matter whose national-park plan is adopted. And to stop the logging in all areas useful for recreation will take superhuman persuasion, for stopping it would eliminate jobs, and jobs mean money.

Secretary Udall believes "there's a clear choice between conservation and jobs. It ought to be conservation."

It may take, as Justice Douglas has suggested, an office of conservation to advise the President about conflicting policies of the Forest Service, the National Park Service, and such other federal agencies as the Army Corps of Engineers, the Bureau of Public Roads, the Bureau of Reclamation, as well as

the Federal Power Commission.

That wilderness can be saved is true now, but it may not be true for long. And if the land is lost forever, the debate will stop. Then, as novelist Wallace Stegner said, men who know only cities and made-over land will find it increasingly difficult to see themselves as "single, separate, vertical, and individual."

Wilderness cannot be preserved as it was. It changes naturally, sometimes slowly, sometimes by cataclysm. Nor can it escape some influence from the civilization that swirls around it. Conservationists argue, however, that wilderness areas should be, as much as possible, left to change in their own time and way. As one congressman said back in the 1880s, such wilderness should be "spared the vandalism of improvement."

These wilderness remnants, if they can just survive our lifetimes, will be reevaluated by future generations. Our mandate is to leave

a choice for this next generation.

If the line is held this time, there will be other skirmishes. Vigilance is demanded, but year by year there is less to be vigilant about.

The wilderness side has its Dave Browers, and the opposition its Bill Lenihans, but this is not a battle of good guys against bad. The difference is one of philosophy and perspective.

The North Cascades are described in the federal study-team report as having "the most breathtakingly beautiful and spectacular mountain scenery in the 48 contiguous states."

"From Glacier Peak northward, particularly the Eldorado peaks complex, the Pickett Range, and Mount Shuksan, are . . . the American Alps. Here is scenic grandeur that unquestionably belongs in our national gallery of natural beauty."

That is the area now proposed as our newest national park.

What cause is worth *your* effort, visitor to this earth? □

Aptly named is Perfect Lake where clear waters reflect the progress of Perfect Glacier down a Cascades peak.





Senior citizens, use your age as an advantage, not an excuse!
Your legs may not be as sturdy or your tennis game as fast as when you were 20, but science has discovered the brain does not reach its full stride until you are 50.

Brainpower:

It Improves With Age!

By WALTER HARRISON

THE university psychologist was amazed. In his class were seven men and women over 50 years of age. The remainder of the students were 21 and 22 years old.

But when their written intelligence tests, which lasted two hours, were graded, the students past the half-century mark eclipsed their younger classmates in every respect. Their grades on all phases of the test—reading comprehension, math, logic, and general information—were 10 percent higher than the youthful subjects' marks.

One grandmother, aged 57, who had returned to college after 35

years to acquire a degree, said with delight:

"My family thought I was foolish to enroll in school at my age. Maybe they expected me to sit in a rocker, hands folded, like *Whistler's Mother*. They almost had me convinced that my brain wasn't as keen as it was three decades ago. Now I know better. And I'm going to become a teacher after I earn my degree."

Paradoxically, as our average life span has lengthened, the spotlight has been on youth. Older men and women worry about whether their minds are keen enough to compete

with younger people. Yet a glance at the record should convince skeptics that mental agility cannot be judged by years. For example:

San Francisco: Eugene B. Bloek, 76, former city editor of the now defunct *San Francisco Bulletin*, writes a book a year for a top publisher. History, crime, sociology—all are researched and written by this busy author who began writing books when he was 65. He also edits a weekly paper and serves on the parole board.

Chicago: Mrs. Hilda Redgrave, at 61, became interested in the Space Age. She now is finishing a

college course in computer programming and soon will go to work at \$7,000 a year for a Midwest electronics laboratory.

Memphis: Joseph Grady, who quit his job as a salesman at 60 because of circulatory problems, turned a latent flair for versifying into a full-time job. He is at his typewriter six hours a day, producing odes for Mother's Day, anniversaries, birthdays, and other festive occasions. He says:

"I earn \$6,500 a year and have a lot of fun. For a while, I thought I was on the scrap heap—washed up at 60. But it was only my legs that gave out, not my head. I write with greater ease today than when I wrote occasional poems at high school almost 40 years ago."

Who Needs Brawn?

Of course, nobody is brash enough to suggest that the senior citizen of 62 or 63 can work on a loading dock or in a field with the same vigor as a man of 25. But in this mechanized and automated era, brawn counts for little. Brains are the most respected and salable commodity.

Your body reaches its physical peak between 20 and 25; muscle strength is best at 30 years or so. But scientists agree that your brain does not hit its full stride until you are 50 or over. Says Dr. Wilma T. Donahue of the University of Michigan's division of gerontology (the study of the aging process):

"Mental functions can be maintained at maximum performance, or even increased, for many years. At 70, most people are as mentally capable as they were at 50. Even at 80, one's intellect is often equivalent to what it was 30 years earlier."

A generation ago, researchers believed that youths had the advantage over oldsters, mentally as well as physically. But their findings have been reversed now.

For one thing, the psychologists of yesteryear made unfair comparisons: they examined students who were accustomed to test-taking, and compared their scores with those of older people whose educations were limited, or who had gone to school in a period when testing procedures were unknown.

The older subjects made poor showings because, in many instances, these were the first mental quizzes they had ever taken. Their younger competitors, on the other hand, were sophisticated test-takers, and so scored higher.

To really determine how one's mind is percolating in middle age and beyond, it would be helpful to test an individual's present ability against that he demonstrated when he was much younger. This is hard to do, of course, but it was accomplished by Dr. William A. Owens, head of the psychology department at Iowa State College.

Rummaging through his attic one day, the professor was surprised to find the exam papers of 179 freshmen who had taken the famed Army Alpha test in 1919.

Dr. Owens wondered how these students would fare on the identical test 30 years later. By diligent detective work, he traced 127 individuals and cajoled them into taking the same test again at an average age of 50. The answers of these veterans, for the most part, were sure, swift, and knowledgeable. Commented Dr. Owens:

"Nowhere was there any indication that brains had grown rusty. On the contrary, their increase in mental capacity was tremendous, especially in logic and clear thinking."

These mature persons who were retested three decades later proved they had more general information, larger vocabularies, and better practical judgment than when they were 20. They scored much higher now in sorting out words, following directions, and rearranging nonsense sentences.

These findings come as no surprise to the faculty of the Hastings College of Law in San Francisco. Every professor at this respected school is at least 65 years of age—and some are in their 70s! The busy teaching schedules of these elderly legal experts amaze educators half their age. As one 68-year-old faculty member said:

"When I was told I had to retire at 65 from my teaching post in a Midwest law school, this arbitrary regulation half-convinced me that my mental ability had been supplanted by dry rot. But a year of

teaching here with other men as old or older than I gave me real satisfaction.

"The best thing is, the young law students—kids in their 20s—seem indifferent to the fact that their profs are 65 or older. We feel younger and function better because our age makes little difference here."

At best, chronological age is misleading and an unreliable guide to a person's capabilities—physical, mental, or creative. Parts of our bodies age in widely varying ways. When a man is 50, for example, his arteries may be 45, his muscles 30—and his brain a flexible and creative 20.

Educators know there is a vast untapped reservoir of brainpower in the 48 million Americans aged 45 and older. But as longevity increases, thanks to the virtual elimination of certain diseases, the number of persons nudged or shoved into retirement while their minds are still highly efficient and creative constitutes a shocking loss.

Retiree Becomes Counselor

Charles Norton of St. Louis was a busy, happy bank executive when he reached the age of 68. Then the board chairman called him in and said, "Charles, we've kept you well beyond our regular retirement age of 65. But really, 68 is too old to continue working. Why don't you take it easy—stay home, tend your garden, do things suitable for a man of your years?"

Norton got the message and submitted his resignation. For six months he brooded, feeling old and unwanted. Then he volunteered to take a test at the University of Chicago which was given to 1,965 active and retired business executives from 60 to 76 years of age. The psychologist who tested him reported:

"Your score shows you can perform mentally as well as you probably did when you were 30. Four out of five subjects—including you—function as well intellectually as our 25-year-old medical students do. I suggest you get busy."

Charles Norton was buoyed by the news, and soon opened his own investment counseling office. Now he works eight hours a day



DIEGO COLUMBUS

*As Christopher Columbus' young son,
My life was not what others might expect;
My father could not give much time to fun,
For he had work to do—he must correct
The idea people had the world was flat.
“Flat as a board,” they said, “and if and when
You’d reach the edge, you’d fall off—just like that!”
My father said, “It’s round! It’s always been.”
While other boys climbed on their fathers’ laps
And listened to the same old fairy tales,
I sat with mine at a table filled with maps,
While he told of far-off seas and ships and whales.
When he sailed west, folks shook their heads at me
And said, “Poor lad.” I cheered his sails unfurled.
But when they cheered his great discovery,
I was the proudest in the whole, round world!*

—JEAN MERGARD

at the office and at home, has scores of appreciative clients, and finds time to serve on the boards of several charities and civic organizations.

Does Memory Slip?

What about memory? Does it become dim with age? Not necessarily. But if you are past 50 and begin to worry about occasional memory lapses, then you may become so apprehensive over unremembered things—which may have been unimportant anyway—that you really will become forgetful!

A Michigan neurologist, the late Dr. Carl Camp, proved that older people’s memories can remain as retentive as young students’ minds. He had 50 older men and women

memorize a “nonsense” section from the *Congressional Record* (no jokes, please!). The aging readers could repeat the word sequence with greater ease and accuracy than could students who were 30 to 40 years their junior.

The older subjects tried harder because they urgently wanted to prove their mental sharpness. This highlights the need for *motivation*: if an older man or woman has no purpose, goal, or interest, his mental ability surely will become sluggish with the passage of time.

Another expert explained:

“The individual who has lived a busy life of 70 or 75 years has much more to forget than a youth of 20. In such a long period, more information than you can find in

the average big-city library will be filed in the human mind. Naturally, one forgets more when there is more filed away mentally to misplace or overlook.

“Youngsters forget, too, but they don’t blame it on their age. Older people worry too much about this, and erroneously attribute occasional memory lapses to their years.”

Of course, some physical conditions, such as hardening of the arteries which comes with age, can cause faulty memory in some persons. But, by and large, memory can remain intact until 75 or 80—and even beyond. Not only can you retain mental sharpness—you may even increase it.

At the Moosehaven Research Laboratory for Gerontology in Orange Park, Fla., psychologists tested 30 older persons whose occupations, mental abilities, and interests had been no more than average in their earlier years. But when they reached their 60s, 70s, and even 80s, many of these individuals scored remarkably high on intelligence tests—at least, far above average.

Had their brains changed for the better with age? No—but they had acquired experience, judgment, and maturity. These qualities gave them an edge over younger people. They were better able to use their brainpower than they had been in their early 20s.

If you are 65 or older, you cannot expect to run the 100-yard dash in the Olympics. But there is no reason why you can’t master a foreign language, study physics, start writing or painting, or engage in almost any intellectual activity.

Recently, I met a Californian who had just received his medical degree from a leading university. He was 59 years old. A lifetime of work, lengthy army service, and other responsibilities had deferred his professional education for almost 40 years. Now he was exhilarated and eager to begin his internship in a hospital.

So, no matter how old you are, put your doubts and fears behind you and tuck that calendar out of sight. This is a complex and fascinating world with many new things to learn. Use your age as an advantage, not as an excuse. □

The Friendly Neighbor

Just one interested, friendly person can transform a neighborhood—if he has the talent for being in the right place at the right time, and for saying the right thing.

By MARC LEE BARR

THE HOUSE next door stood vacant. The moving van had gone, and from my window I had seen the former occupants take one final look around and lock the door for the last time. They had realized their ambition to own a new home. We had been happy with them as neighbors; they were our kind of people. Now, I wondered, who would move in?

Ours was a neighborhood of well-kept older homes, owner-occupied for the most part by middle-class people, middle aged to quite elderly. We prided ourselves on being a good neighborhood; but actually, I guess, we were smug about "tending to our own business."

All that was to change.

Early the next morning John G., with his family, furniture, and paraphernalia moved into the house next door. Wisely, he did not await the social amenities but went about immediately, introducing himself.

Things have not been the same

on Locust Street since his arrival.

We soon learned that John G. was not one who failed to "see the forest for the trees." I guess all of us must have missed seeing Mr. Dibbler in his yard. I know I had. We had seen several cars parked at the elderly couple's house at odd hours, too, but we had not wanted to seem too curious, so we told ourselves that if the Dibblers needed us, they surely would let us know.

John G. had no such inhibitions. He learned that Mr. Dibbler was seriously ill, and after that, the first of the many visits John G. made in the neighborhood each morning was to the Dibblers to inquire about Mr. D's health. He seemed so genuinely glad to hear of any improvement that Mrs. Dibbler contends to this day that it made her husband try just a little harder to get well. And he did.

John G. showed so much interest that he made me realize maybe there was something I could do to make the Dibblers' time of trouble

just a little easier. Mrs. Dibbler gave me the task of finding enticing tidbits at the supermarket to encourage her husband's failing appetite. My shopping trips became more pleasurable when I began to feel needed by someone once more.

One evening I heard the lawn mower running in the Dibblers' yard, and when I looked over, I was amazed to see a man whom I had thought to be the surliest resident on our block mowing the little lawn, with John G. on hand to offer advice. They were laughing at a private joke.

I would not say John G. is nosy; he just has a penchant for looking over fences. So it was he who first noticed that a group of small children from the poorer section of town were barefoot in March. They had been traveling our alley daily, but the most attention they had gotten from me was to see that they did not come into our yard. I had learned once, to my sorrow, that their idea of the ownership of gar-

The newcomer made old neighbors realize they could do things for and with each other once again.



den tools was somewhat hazy. I could believe John G. is psychic, for the first person to whom he confided his problem was the president of the Benevolent Society. He remarked to her casually:

"I'll bet those kids' feet are awful cold."

She told me she had assured him that from now on those children would only be going barefoot for fun.

John G. is positively fascinated by gardening in any form: vegetables, small fruit, or flowers. When Mrs. Thomas dug up her prize chrysanthemums for resetting, she had more plants than space in which to put them. Mrs. Brown, meanwhile, was just starting a new flower bed at the side of her kitchen door. John G., of course, knew of both projects and reported with his usual candor. Now Mrs. Thomas's surplus mums are blooming at Mrs. Brown's door.

Coincidentally, while the negotiations were taking place, Mrs. Thomas, whose greatest hobby is flowers, learned about a wonderful nursery near the home of Mrs. Brown's aged parents. She and Mrs. Brown are making a trip together next Thursday, to visit the old folks and to look for new

plants. Since Mrs. Brown does not drive, they will go in Mrs. Thomas's car.

Mrs. Brown told her husband at dinner, "You know, old neighborhoods can be every bit as friendly as new developments when you get to know people."

Mr. Brown, surprised, asked: "Do you mean we can forget the talk about putting this house up for sale? You really don't want to build a new one?"

"No, you know I really love this old house," his wife answered happily.

Mr. Brown heaved a sigh of relief. He had been hoping fervently that they could keep on living in the house that was almost paid for instead of assuming another 20 years of mortgage payments.

Mrs. Jackson saw a rat run across her driveway as she parked her car. Some varmint had carried garbage under a step at another home. It had not been discussed openly before, but this was not the first time pests had caused trouble in the neighborhood. Yet what could you expect when the neighborhood's lone member of the cat or dog tribe was one fat, contented tom-cat (ours)?

John G., however, violently dis-

approves of anything inert. So no longer does Augustus sit in the sun on the doorstep or laze in the shade on the porch. John G. keeps him so active that either in self-defense, or because he feels some faint stirring of his old hunting days, he has caught not only the rat but also a strange striped little creature we think is a chipmunk.

John G. has many hobbies, his life is full of them. And whatever his talents, he is not one to hide his light under a bushel. He shares of himself and his possessions freely. He took his painting outfit over to Mrs. Warner's and proceeded to spread it out on her front porch. Mrs. Warner, a timid widow, was working on one of the endless braided rugs she had been commissioned to make, free of charge, for pseudo-Colonial homes of her nieces and nephews.

John G. told her politely that he would not make a mess, and that she could watch him paint if she wanted to. She was fascinated by the many colors, and by the artist's concentration and obvious enjoyment of his work. She had wanted to paint when she was young, she remembered.

Now there is a partly finished oil painting in a corner of Mrs. Warner's seldom-used dining room. She is working on a presketched picture kit. If all goes well, she is planning to do some watercolors of flowers from scratch.

As she put it: "I'm 78 years old and, if I ever want to have any fun, I'd better get started. Those old rags can just wait."

John G. assures her that her pictures are almost better than his.

On and on it goes. Our neighborhood has taken a new lease on life. We dodge in and out of each other's houses for coffee or to share the largess of our backyards. At what is supposed to be a sensible age, we take time out at odd hours of the day just to enjoy ourselves and each other. In fact, we are planning our first block party. The guest of honor and his family will be the only people there under 50. Yesterday John G. took time from his many duties to call at each house and announce: "I'm not going to be a little, little boy any longer. Tomorrow I'll be five!" □

WITHOUT VISION

*Pity the man who never sees
Beyond his own small boundaries,*

*Who never sees the morning sun
Lift the veil that night has spun,*

*Or ever finds a lonely star
Hiding where cloud-mountains are.*

*Sightless as one whose eyes are sealed,
He does not look across the field*

*To where a winding river spills
Its liquid silver through the hills.*

*The robins on his cherry limb
Are but the orchard thieves to him.*

*Blind as the worm beneath his sod,
He never sees the smile of God.*

—PHYLLIS M. FLAIG



The ancient Indian art of tepee-building is demonstrated by Gordon and Emily Binning, volunteer summer workers on the Blackfeet Reservation.

THE BLACKFEET Indians have a name for the small church-school mission in the barren, wind-swept foothills of the Rockies. It is A-pis-ta-to-ke, which means "God, the Father."

Their rugged area in northern Montana's Blackfeet Reservation is no less challenging to the church today than it was many years ago when Methodism's legendary "Brother Van" (the Rev. William Wesley van Orsdel, who was adopted into the tribe and called "Great Heart") came to preach to them. In winter, heavy snows occasionally isolate Apistatoke Methodist mission. In spring, floods are a menace, and in 1963 a great wind blew down the eastern slope of the Rockies, lifting a mission building off its foundation.

"Although we had the building insured and collected damages, we are still trying to make repairs," reported the Rev. James E. Bell a year later. "Severe cold weather has hampered our work. Cold buildings, blizzards, frozen plumbing, Jeep trouble, members snowed in, missionaries snowed out—all combined to make our work both exciting and frustrating." He was speaking not only of Apistatoke but also of the other mission charges—Browning and Babb—on the 2,400-square-mile Blackfeet Reservation near the Canadian border.

"Half the timber we cut last summer for use in construction of a tabernacle at Heart Butte was stolen by

CAMP MEETING—INDIAN STYLE

The missionary-at-large, scouting the countryside, invites Mrs. Joseph New Robe and grandson to a meeting.





Blackfeet children present a bouquet of wild flowers to Mrs. Vicki Weida, a volunteer worker, who is a Missoula, Mont., schoolteacher.

someone in need of firewood," Mr. Bell reported. "Now we are faced with the problem of replacing it early this spring so that we can build the tabernacle to be used during the July camp meeting..."

The camp meeting is an important interlude in a year's work for Mr. Bell, missionary for the Methodist Blackfeet Mission, with headquarters in Browning. For five years, the camp meeting has brought new life and varied activity to Apistatoke. After the tepees and tents go up beside the small church and the schoolhouse, ministers and volunteer workers camp with the Indians, holding services, conducting visitations, and teaching a week-long Bible school. A typical camp meeting will find some 60 or more persons taking part, most of them full-blooded Blackfeet.

"They are warmhearted and childlike in their approach to God and living," says Mr. Bell. "We love them and are able to share the Bible and the church because we have accepted them as they are." It could



Later, in Bible school taught by Mrs. Weida, other Indian children sing a favorite song: "Watch your eyes, watch your eyes, what they see. . . ."

be added that the Indians have accepted the Methodists, too—largely because of prompt flood relief and rehabilitation work by the church after a disastrous 13-inch rainfall on June 1, 1964.

Despite fire, flood, wind, and snow, things *could* be worse, says Mr. Bell, a tall, 34-year-old Texan who came to the reservation in 1959 after graduation from Perkins School of Theology and a year of graduate work at Southern Methodist University. For example, the mission now is under the auspices of the National Division of the Methodist Board of Missions, and other funds—while never enough—come in from individual donors and other sources. The mission also has attracted an unusually large number of volunteers for summer work camps. Most of the workers have been students from various parts of the nation. There have been 23 work camps at Babb, and 4 each at Browning and Apistatoke.

Poverty stricken as they are (average annual in-



Apistatoke on a July day: Beside the schoolhouse stand the tepees erected by both missionary and Indian workers.

come: \$1,000 per family), the Blackfeet are a generous people—almost to a fault, says Mr. Bell. The Indian churches respond immediately, sometimes beyond their means, when appeals come in for flood victims in Louisiana and Mississippi, or from tornado-wrecked churches in Indiana. Such disasters have been almost commonplace on the reservation: for example, fire destroyed the first Babb church shortly after it was built.

When winter comes, the Blackfeet children look for-

ward to Christmas and to Mr. Bell, who fights his way through snow to deliver warm clothing, mittens, and other gifts. There are 1,200 Indian children on the reservation, and in them the missionary finds hope for the future. (The Bells have their own children, plus two adopted Indian youngsters, and have been foster parents of six.)

Thus each summer camp at Apistatoke brings new hope for the future to the Methodist workers and mis-



Earlier in the evening service at Apistatoke, Mr. Bell played the portable organ at left. Now he preaches.

sionaries. They see the Blackfeet still living in poverty, however, and know that few have been able to leave the reservation and adapt to 20th-century America. Yet those who remain are good ranchers and sheepherders, excellent fire fighters in the forests, and are proficient in crafts.

"It will take years to see the fruits of our labor," Mr. Bell says, "but see them we shall, if we faint not."

Then he pauses to add, almost with a sigh: "Yet there is plenty of work here at Apistatoke alone to keep one missionary busy for a lifetime."

—HERMAN B. TEETER

In a picture that might have been taken a century ago, a Blackfeet boy rides home at sunset, leaving the Apistatoke worship service behind.



She Made the Flag Pledge Live

By LAWRENCE E. NELSON

"I PLEDGE allegiance to the flag of the United States of America . . ."

Each weekday morning, in schools throughout the land, millions of pupils recite these words—as children have for the past 75 years. But the pledge probably would be unknown today had it not been for a Methodist school-teacher who felt its patriotic power, and for the inspiration her example provided to an American general.

The Pledge to the Flag (often called Pledge of Allegiance) came into being in 1892, when the nation observed the 400th anniversary of the discovery of America.

President Benjamin Harrison issued a proclamation. A national committee, headed by Francis Belamy, staff member of *The Youth's Companion*, prepared a program to be used in schools in the United States on Friday, October 21, to commemorate the event, and to coincide with the dedication of a site for the World's Columbian Exposition in Chicago. A small portion of that program included a pledge to the flag, written by Belamy.

After the event, the pledge was forgotten—except by Miss Mary Fackler, first-grade teacher at Kingsbury Public School, Redlands, Calif., who also had quietly celebrated her own 30th birthday, and her third anniversary as a member of the Redlands Methodist Church.

Miss Fackler, believing good citizenship required constructive effort, bought a small flag. Thereafter, on days when no one was tardy or absent, she and her first-graders recited the pledge. Any child who had been especially good in his lessons that day was allowed to hold the small standard while the others saluted.

Miss Fackler's efforts might have gone unnoticed had not three of



her pupils been the children of Lieutenant Colonel Henry W. Lawton, a Civil War hero, famed captor of the wily Apache chief Geronimo, and later a general in the Spanish-American War.

Through his children, Colonel Lawton became interested in the pledge, and in 1895, he sent Miss Fackler a large, 44-star United States flag to use for the flag salute.

Later, Mrs. Lawton brought well-known General Joseph C. Breckenridge to the Kingsbury school to see the children pledge allegiance.

Not long afterwards, Miss Fackler received an affectionate letter from Mrs. Lawton in which the colonel's wife told of Gen. Breckenridge's description of a meeting in Washington, D.C., of the Sons and Daughters of the American Revolution. He had asked children in the group to give the salute.

"It was mentioned as coming from the California children," Mrs. Lawton wrote. "I thought you would like to know it, since it is all owing to you."

The pledge created much enthusiasm, and many at the Washington meeting carried Miss Fackler's use of the pledge back to their own communities.

The Second National Flag Conference in 1924 determined the of-

ficial words for the pledge, which were slightly different from those of the original. Congress added the words "under God" in 1954.

What kind of a woman was Mary Fackler, so intent upon teaching good citizenship to first-graders? She wasn't pretty. "She didn't need to be," explained a fellow teacher. "She had personality."

She also had a thoughtfulness and love that led her to correspond with many of her pupils long after they were grown, and made her continue tutoring long after her official retirement.

At 80, confined mostly to an armchair by ill health but still alert, Miss Fackler began giving away the treasures she had collected over a lifetime of teaching.

On her books, furniture, and other belongings she placed the names of friends she thought would most enjoy them after she was gone. She sold some items in order to add to the library fund she had started 20 years earlier in memory of her sister.

In 1945, at 83, she put up for sale three hard-to-sell lots she had owned for 40 years, after praying: "Lord, if they sell, you shall have most of the money." Soon the Redlands YMCA received a \$500 gift from Mary Fackler, in memory of her brother.

One last task remained. She sewed a blue and white-checked bag, and on a white panel she embroidered in firm, red stitching the words: "Gen. Lawton's Flag for University of Redlands." Beside it she laid the now tattered letter from Mrs. Lawton.

When she died a few days later, six of her former first-graders became her pallbearers. In her will she left each one \$25. Mary Fackler believed that a good citizen pays his obligations to the end. □



A close look at movies aimed at teen audiences:

Sterile Sex Is OUT; Protest

By DAVID F. LEHMBERG, Methodist Campus Minister
University of Southern California, Los Angeles, Calif.

A POPULAR belief among Hollywood's moviemakers, not fully substantiated, is that 75 percent of today's motion-picture audiences are under 25 years of age. Among the moviemakers themselves, of course, few fall into that age group. So it should not be surprising that films aimed at younger audiences, or attempting to interpret teen-age attitudes and behavior demonstrate that the film makers do not really understand today's youth. These films are good examples of age looking at youth across a generation gap.

A generation gap of sorts undeniably does exist—as nearly any parent and his teen-age offspring can confirm. But in their rush to

take advantage of the teen-ager's real need for self-understanding and identity, the Hollywood producers are making no serious effort to help bridge this gap. They simply are exploiting it.

Evidence of this showed up a year or so ago in a spate of "Beach and Bikini" (B & B) films—such epics as *Beach Blanket Bingo*; *Beach Party*; *How to Stuff a Wild Bikini*; *Ski Party*; *The Ghost in the Invisible Bikini*; *Dr. Goldfoot and the Bikini Machine*; *Winter A-Go-Go*, and others. Some of these are still around, playing the drive-in theater circuit.

Now, however, the B & B output has been cut off at the source. The over-25 film producers have

switched to a new kind of film to tap the gushing flow of teen-age dollars. Today, for the "teeny-bopper" and drive-in crowd, they are churning out something they call the "protest" film—unsavory representations of youth in rebellion against the forces of adult society.

Typical examples of "protest" are *Fireball 500* (young race-car drivers in action); *The Wild Angels* (the antisocial motorcycle club); *Hot Rods to Hell* (bored youth at the wheel of a souped-up car); *Riot on Sunset Strip* (about the amorous effects of LSD, not really about Sunset Strip); *Thunder Alley* (more racing); *The Hallucination Generation* (more LSD); and *Devil's Angels* (the unoriginally



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confounded by a mystery, or (3) getting handed some failing business. The teen-agers then set about to (1) have some good, clean fun, (2) set the wrongs right, or (3) make a success of a business some adult had fouled up.

Conflict occurred when the bad guys arrived. Bad guys almost always were (1) adults over 30 or (2) teen-agers who had been corrupted by adults over 30. The conflict was resolved when (1) the bad guys were put to flight and ruin or (2) converted to the ways of righteousness—teen-age righteousness, that is.

Any combination of these elements formed the plot of the Beach and Bikini epic. It really did not make too much difference what the story line was, since it was not too important to the film.

What was important was that such films presented a confused mixture of sterile sex, tempered by an almost puritanical morality, played against a recreational background, to the accompaniment of a rock 'n' roll combo.

The sterility of B & B sex came from suggesting much and delivering nothing. These films exposed a lot of teen-age anatomy, but always within the confines of "the acceptable"—lots of leg, many a bulging bikini, an abundance of cleavage, and a plethora of wiggling *derriere*, but absolutely no nudity.

In the midst of this exposure explosion, the young heroes of such films paid little if any attention to it. If any slobbering was done, it was usually by an older actor playing a lecherous, villainous, dirty old man. The teen-agers played it cool—as if they were above such things. There was an ample supply of double-entendre statements, so that the viewer could read some vulgarity into the films if he so desired. But among the youths of such films, overt vulgarity and illicit sex were strictly forbidden. So, while sex was present, it was of a sterile, unrealistic variety.

Such films expressed a WCTU-approved moral code regarding such relatively superficial aspects of morality as smoking and drinking. In some early B & B films, a few of the youthful actors smoked; a handful even took an occasional

slug of beer. But when it became obvious that this was bad public relations (it approached controversy, an element strictly forbidden in the B & B formula), the producers wrote such things out of later scripts. Thereafter you probably would see a Coke bar, but no booze—you could get the illusion of drinking while retaining a pure image.

Recreational backgrounds were a must for such films. Since most were made in Southern California, the surf-set, muscle-beach, fun-in-the-sun syndrome was much in evidence. After all, if you want to expose an abundance of teen-age skin, what is more convenient than to arrange same in skimpy swimsuits on the beach at Malibu?

Big Profits on Low Budgets

The B & B films made money—which was, of course, the only reason for making them. They were low-budget productions (\$750,000 or less), providing a convenient second feature for double bills. Drive-in operators especially liked them, for teen-agers flocked to see them. They did not take the films seriously, but they did pay the price of a ticket.

Now these films were rather harmless bits of fluff—pure escapist entertainment. One could criticize them severely for their absolutizing of life: young equals good, old equals bad; pretty equals good, ugly equals bad. And they could be criticized legitimately for projecting an image of teen-age America oblivious of such things as cold and hot wars, drugs and LSD, poverty and civil-rights struggles. They showed teen-agers (untouched by the ravages of acne) whose depth of concern for the human situation was the avoidance of "wiping out" while "hanging ten" on a technicolor surfboard.

Given the utter lack of seriousness with which most teen-agers viewed the B & Bs, the sterile sex and superficial morality made little if any impact on the teen scene.

The largest producer of B & Bs, American International Pictures (AIP), did not even try to make style or set tastes; it just purported to reflect teen mores and attitudes. The fact that the films did not re-

titled sequel to *The Wild Angels*).

If my observations of the films themselves and of the kids they're aimed at are valid—and I think they are—neither the film makers' earlier efforts with B & B nor the current "protestors" are on target. Today's sophisticated youths recognize the phoniness of both Hollywood formulas—and often greet them with hoots and guffaws. This is not to say, however, that teen-agers don't flock to see these films or that parents simply can dismiss them. There is a good bit more to be said.

In the B & B films, we usually saw a group of attractive young people (1) engaged in some recreational enterprise, or (2) being

flect accurately the teen times is another example of trying to tell youth what youth is trying to tell age it is all about—or something equally confusing. The generation gap strikes again.

'B & B' Gives Way to 'Protest'

Some of the people at AIP evidently got some messages from some source, however, for about a year ago Beach and Bikini gave way to what one AIP executive called "more adult films." Since then they have labeled these adult efforts "protest" films—and they are generally a more insidious and potentially more corrupt form of exploitation than the B & Bs.

The first protest film was *Fireball 500*. While not a box-office disaster, it did not do much to swell the cof-

Peter Fonda, this film was billed by AIP as "a reflection of our times." Viewers were warned that it might offend them by its content.

Basically this film dealt with an incident in the history of the real-life Hell's Angels antisocial motorcycle club of Venice, Calif.—the death and funeral of one of its members. Many of the unsavory aspects of Hell's Angelism also were graphically portrayed—gang fights, police chases, thievery, debauchery, and other similar pastimes.

(A new book by Hunter S. Thompson, *Hell's Angels: The Strange and Terrible Saga of the Outlaw Motorcycle Gangs* [Random House, \$5.95], is the most authoritative account of this group yet available to the public.)

'All these pictures seem to be rancid combinations of low camp and sociological cliché, unredeemed by any social significance.'

fers of AIP. It starred such B & B regulars as Frankie Avalon, Fabian, Annette Funicello, and lots of pretty girls. Its plot was standard B & B—with a few notable exceptions. Racing stock cars was the theme, and the young principal smoked, drank, engaged in illicit sex, broke the law, but generally came out pretty well.

The main problem with this film was the main problem with so many Hollywood "adult" films. If the leading characters cuss, booze, fight, and make love with abandon, this makes the film "adult," or so the producers seem to think. Such thinking reveals a basic sickness in the industry, and, even more, in the moviegoing public.

Suffice it to say that *Fireball 500* was just the initial step up (or down, depending on your point of view) from the B & Bs—same general plot line with a few more pseudo adult touches to appeal to more prurient interests. The major appeal was still to the usual AIP audience, the teen-agers.

Then from AIP came a radical departure in form and content with release of *The Wild Angels*. Starring a B & B veteran, Nancy Sinatra, and another young big name,

This morbidly fascinating and tightly directed (by Roger Corman) film reaches its climax at the little country church in the dead Angel's hometown, when the pastor is confronted by the theological self-understanding of Blues, president of the group, played by Fonda.

As the pastor begins the funeral ritual, Blues attacks the premises of the faith underlying the service, and this in turn leads to a physical attack on the pastor and the church building. The pastor is clubbed, placed in the coffin (after the body has been removed, set up in a seated position with a reefer in its mouth, so as to "enjoy his party"), and the church building is totally wrecked.

After an extended saturnalia, the body is replaced in the coffin (after the pastor is removed), and there is a procession to the cemetery. A fight with the townspeople breaks out when a rock is heaved into the crowd of Angels, and police sirens wail in the distance. The gang hastily departs, but Blues stays behind to bury "the Loser," replying to the pleas of his girl friend (Sinatra) to get away with: "There's nowhere to go." *Finis*.

A Trend Setter

The Wild Angels was a box-office blockbuster for AIP, turning a sizable profit on domestic showings. It now has been given a dubbed-in sound track and is showing in Europe, and racking up more loot for AIP. It was far and away the best money-maker AIP ever made, and it served to set the trend for the protest films.

Other studios now jumped in with their own exploitation films like *The Hallucination Generation* and *Hot Rods to Hell*, and AIP has gone on to release *Riot on Sunset Strip*, *Thunder Alley*, and *Devil's Angels*. One fears to speculate about further sequels.

Since AIP and its imitators are noted for their appeal to young America, it becomes apparent that these new offerings are slanted toward the same market as the B & Bs. Indeed, a visit to a theater where such pictures are playing reveals that this obviously is the case, despite AIP's contention that it is making "adult" films. *Riot on Sunset Strip* received the same "maturity" classification in the *Los Angeles Times* as *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?* But it was mostly teen-agers who paid the price of admission.

As Film Art: Horrible

There are some generalizations that can be made about this new flood of protest pictures. One is that they generally are horrible examples of the film maker's art. Best of the bunch so far is *The Wild Angels*, which is about as faint praise as can be bestowed on any film. *Riot on Sunset Strip* is one of the worst movies I ever have seen, in terms of content, cinematography, and dramatic impact. All these pictures seem to be rancid combinations of low camp and sociological cliché, unredeemed by any social significance.

Another generalization is that the protest films purport to be important and serious but actually end up being as unrelated to the important and serious as the B & Bs ever were. The protestors deal with the theme of alienation—alienation of youth from the rest of society. The self-understanding of these films is that teen-agers and young

adults really do live in a world different from most of the social order.

In a way, these films do make some effort to interpret to their youthful audiences a picture of the adult world. But in doing so they picture an exaggerated and unreal adult world. In the preachiness of these films, the case for the ideal, status quo, adult society is so overstated, so phony, and so corrupt that the rebellion of the youths of the films is quite justifiable. What redeeming social significance there might be, for the audience as well as for the characters in the film, is rendered impotent by (1) exaggeration ("All you kids stink!"); (2) pat answers ("All we really want is to be free."), and (3) the moralistic harping of adults ("You kids need to get some honest jobs and get off the streets.").

The worst of all exaggerated sociological clichés is of the generation gap, the belief that there is less communication between adults and teen-agers today than ever before.

There is some truth in this generalization. Young people today have grown up being educated in a completely modern world view. (To caricature, they have grown up and been educated in the world of Dr. Einstein, while their parents and most adults over 30 were educated in the world of Sir Isaac Newton.)

Compounded with expected adolescent rebellion, this difference does make communication between generations more difficult. But communication can and does take place. Sex orgies, violence, and/or capitulation are not the *only* alternatives to the generation gap, as these movies would have us believe. Considering the powerful influence which films can wield on both young people and adults, it is all the more unfortunate that these pictures offer so little to help youths understand themselves, their elders, and society—which is the only way the generation gap can be narrowed.

More Serious, Still Phony

Compared with the B & Bs, the subject matter in these protest films is more serious, but AIP and its imitators have been frightened by

it. They have taken the easy way out, backed away from any real examination of why kids become Wild Angels, or riot on Sunset Strip, or go tripping on LSD. They simply rely upon clichés and stenorian narration (e.g., "The answer to this serious problem is up to YOU!!!").

Should AIP be criticized for failing in this more ambitious undertaking—assuming that protest films are more ambitious than B & Bs? My answer is yes.

Exploitation is bad enough by itself, but added to that is the claim by these films to have undertaken to provide serious looks at important situations. In reality, they have

*'Sex orgies, violence,
and/or capitulation
are not the only alternatives
to the generation gap,
as these movies would
have us believe.'*

avoided the issues by raising phony questions and then giving meaningless answers. As one who walked Sunset Strip during last year's "riots," I can testify that any resemblance between the film *Riot on Sunset Strip* and what *really* happened is purely coincidental. Yet this film purports to be the inside story of that overblown occurrence.

A third generalization offers what hope there is in these messed-up accounts of messed-up lives. The young people who see these films do not take them very seriously. The supposedly hip "in" language of the films is so forced that it cannot all be laid to poor acting. Besides, such an "in" expression as "Let's make the scene" is really quite "out" by the time it can be incorporated into a film. Such expressions are greeted with noisy snickers from youthful audiences.

The young girls in these films are all teen-age imitations of Liz Taylor or Marilyn Monroe, and even as imitations they do not come off

very well. Since such a minute percentage of teen-age "femalehood" bears any resemblance to the aforementioned actresses, it makes that image all the more incongruous. More snickers.

The acting is so bad and the situations so forced that any attempt at a highly dramatic, emotional scene—reconciliation with an adult, for instance, or awareness of guilt—is greeted with howls of laughter. Any dramatic conflict, therefore, is lost.

Why Do They Go?

The question then becomes: Why do teen-agers go to see these films? One answer might be that they go for the same reason we used to go see Abbott and Costello—to get a good belly laugh.

Another possible explanation is in terms of loyalty—the film maker is supposed to be telling "our story." This becomes more important than the fact that he tells it poorly. The kids are amused at the lack of adult perception of their situation, yet they feel an obligation to support the attempt.

There may be an appeal, also, to the social worker in all of us. Do we really have an answer to the problems the films supposedly are raising? What would you do if you were the preacher conducting the funeral in *The Wild Angels*?

I love the film art and its possibilities too much to sit by without protesting these protest films. It offends me to see the art so badly used; it offends me to see youth so exploited; it offends me that the moviegoing public is so indiscriminate as to pay hard-earned money to see these films; it offends me to see AIP making so much money off poorly done exploitation.

On the other hand, I am encouraged to see teen-agers viewing these films with contempt, responding with gales of laughter at the so-called important and serious sections. In this, the protest films and their predecessors, the B & Bs, are identical. Unfortunately, until this contempt is expressed in slim box-office returns, the teen-age public will continue to be beaten over the skull with sociological clichés from the cameras of Hollywood's specialty film makers. □

IF WE REFUSE TO

HATE

By JOE W. WALKER, Pastor
Garden Street Methodist Church, Bellingham, Washington

EVERY DAY we crush a million miracles beneath our feet, and sometimes think there is no God. Yet man and his inquisitive mind probe the depths of science and everywhere find new evidence of purpose and meaning.

But there is another way God seeks to communicate with man. Some people think of religion only as sending instructions to God. This attitude reminds me of a poem that came out of World War II:

God heard the embattled nations shout, / Gott strafe England!: / God save the king! / God this! God that! / God the other thing! / "Good God," said God, "I've got my work cut out."

God Speaks Through Men

The evidence of history indicates that true religion is not getting the word *to* God but getting the Word *from* him. And this Word comes to us most often through the lives of other people. When we examine the Bible, we discover that this is how God talks.

We confirm people as members of the church by an act that symbolizes our dependence upon others in encountering God. The minister puts his hand on their heads as they bow before the altar—a symbol that the message is passed from one generation to another. Faith comes through the deep love of another person, the teaching of a good teacher, the kindly neighborliness of a good neighbor, the words that an author puts in a book.

God communicates to us through every human life, without exception. And this communication travels on love; either our love for a person or his love for us—or, hopefully, both.

In Seattle recently, I was walking near the bus station. Suddenly my view was obscured by a whiskey chin, bleary eyes, a runny nose, and the slobbering mouth of a man who wanted 25¢, he said, for a cup of coffee. I don't know where he buys his coffee, but he pays more for it than I do! Such an encounter presents a problem. If you give him money, you know where it is going; and if you don't give it, you know what he is going to call you.

For a moment my life and his life came into con-

tact. Did God have anything to say to me through him? I think he did. As much as through some profound theologian—maybe more. My job at that moment was to remember that God was trying to say something. I had no business simply to turn my back. I am deeply convinced that every man who enters my life is trying to speak to me on behalf of God.

Christianity is never a matter of loving the lovely, neighboring the neighborly, and helping the helpful. Jesus said, "If you love those who love you, what reward have you? . . . And if you salute only your brethren, what more are you doing than others?" He might have been intimating, as he attempted to pound home this theme of loving the unlovely, that God speaks more through those we find it hard to love than through those who make it easy for us.

And Through Us, Too

As God speaks to us through others, the opposite side of the coin is that he is trying to encounter others through us. One way is through the church and its preaching. Yet God still speaks more through the pews than through the pulpits. He still is searching out the dark alleys and corners to shed his light, and the ones through whom this can be done are the people who sit in the pews. Our main task, then, is to seek to relate to every man so that what God has to say to that man can be said through us. The power, or the channel, through which this encounter takes place is love.

In the west African country of Liberia, my guide drove a Volkswagen bus 100 miles into the bush. In the back of that bus was a 100-pound sack of rice. It had on it the seal of the United States and hands clasped in friendship. It was a gift of our nation to those people. Stopping at a little school with 80 boys and girls in it, we lifted that heavy sack of rice out of the bus. They saw it and grinned. They whispered among themselves, for they knew they soon would be eating that good rice.

Now, take another scene I saw on television: a GI takes a sack of rice and pours it into a muddy river as Viet Nam villagers watch with sullen faces. When

we starve "the enemy," it isn't the soldiers who starve. It is little boys and girls and old people. When I went into Germany in World War II, I didn't see one underfed German soldier. Not one! But I saw little children with rickety legs and swollen bellies.

Which sack of rice speaks for God—the one which went into the bowls of little hungry children or the one poured into the muddy river?

I think Christ saw that our attitude toward others finally decides whether we are able to encounter God and hear his voice. The writer of the First Epistle of John says, "If anyone says, 'I love God,' and hates his brother, he is a liar; for he who does not love his brother whom he has seen, cannot love God whom he has not seen." If we can't see God in the concrete, in that other person, how can we see him anywhere?

I have a horror of what we as a nation are doing in Viet Nam. No individual and no nation can engage in violence and cause harm to other human beings without losing the ability to hear the voice of God. Such action eradicates love, chokes the human channels through which God is able to speak to us and we to other men.

I don't care if it is Negroes with their ruthless violence in Watts, white brutes beating children with tire chains in Alabama, Communist police savagely putting down a freedom movement in Hungary, Americans dropping napalm that bakes the flesh from bones of friend and foe alike, or some vitriolic, hurtful woman who spends her time gossiping about her neighbors. I believe that, when we fall victim to hate, we sear our eyes to the vision of God and deafen our ears to the Word of God. We cannot live with such an attitude even for good causes—for eventually we bring about our own damnation.

The Harm to Ourselves

The tragedy of war and of individually disliking another human being is not so much in the harm done to the other person as in the harm to ourselves. People say that deaths and injuries on the highways are worse than war because so many more are killed. I guess if people drive without sensitivity to others, or car manufacturers are lax in their responsibility to give us safe vehicles, then there is an element of hate involved in highway accidents.

But the average traffic accident is not premeditated. Nobody plans an accident or trains for it. When a nation goes to war, death and injury are premeditated. Men are trained to hate and to kill.

Hate is a negative word which means we lack motivating love. Whether it is the taking of life or the sully of another person's reputation, it is hate. When we act without concern for another person or when we act to do actual harm, it is hate. When we knowingly fail to avoid things that harm, it is hate. When harmful means are adopted for seemingly worthy purposes, it is hate.

God's encounters with us through others, or to others through us, cannot pass where there is no love. How long can we carry within us the poison of ill will for a brother before we lose our soul? How long can a nation survive teaching generation after genera-

tion of its youths to kill and maim and wound without having its very heart torn out?

Bishop Gerald Kennedy in his book *Fresh Every Morning*¹ relates this: "A long time ago as a student, I read Saint-Exupéry's book *Wind, Sand, and Stars*. He was a French aviator who wrote beautifully about flying and life. . . .

"He was recalled to military service in World War II and was flying an observation mission without any guns in his plane on July 31, 1944. He was shot down by a young German who was writing a doctoral thesis on the work of Saint-Exupéry and who had come to admire him as a great writer and a great man. When he learned whom he had destroyed, he went to pieces and was sent to a psychiatric hospital. All he could say was, 'I killed my master.'"

Bishop Kennedy then adds, "In that story there is the tragedy of our time. We kill what we love, and we destroy ourselves when we kill our brothers."

Jesus was aware of this. He was killed by hate and knew what it was. He was no dreamer and no shallow idealist. He was aware that if you turn the other cheek you are going to get slapped again. With his teachings and with his life, Jesus was asking the question that the church ought to be asking now: Where does love begin? Who starts the process of love? Do we sit around until the Communists start loving us?

Let It Begin With Us

If any people are able to love even though they are not loved, to show mercy even though no mercy is shown them, it is those who have seen the love of God in Jesus Christ. No other people on the face of the earth are better prepared to say to man and nation, "I will hate no more! Do with me what you will, I will hate no one."

If there is going to be one world, it will be held together by love. Let it begin with us! Take that person whom you hold in hate and bitterness and, before God, say that you forgive, and begin to love. We are capable of absorbing everything that the world can throw at us *except* our own hate.

If Christian people could ever inspire this nation to believe in love, we could take 300,000 of our very finest young people and train them to build roads and schools and hospitals, teach agriculture and hygiene, and clean up streams. We could send them to tired and hungry nations, and we could give them \$2 billion a month to work with.

You say we can't do that? Yet, we *will* do it for other causes. We will give that much money for what our young men are doing now—but not for love.

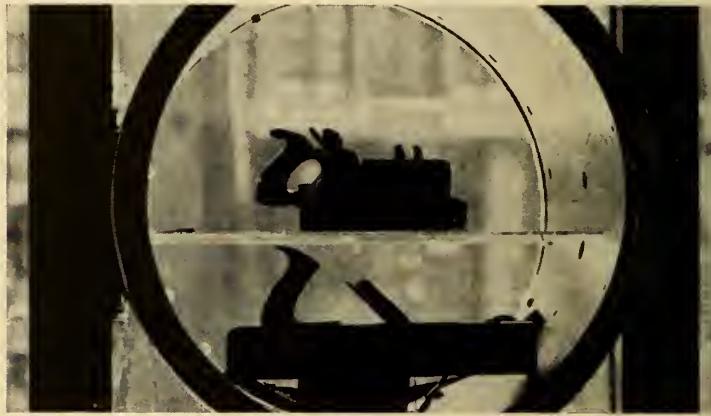
Christian people are called this day to a task of teaching men to love. I believe the clue to this is in the knowledge that God seeks us through others and seeks others through us. I believe that we need to start by saying that we will refuse to hate for any cause. We need to believe in our hearts that we can love, or else Jesus would never have asked it of us.

It has to start somewhere. O Lord, let it begin with us! □

¹ From *Fresh Every Morning* by Gerald Kennedy. Copyright 1966 by Gerald Kennedy (Harper & Row, \$3.95). Used by permission.—Eos.

A New City Designed for

ENTERING RESTON



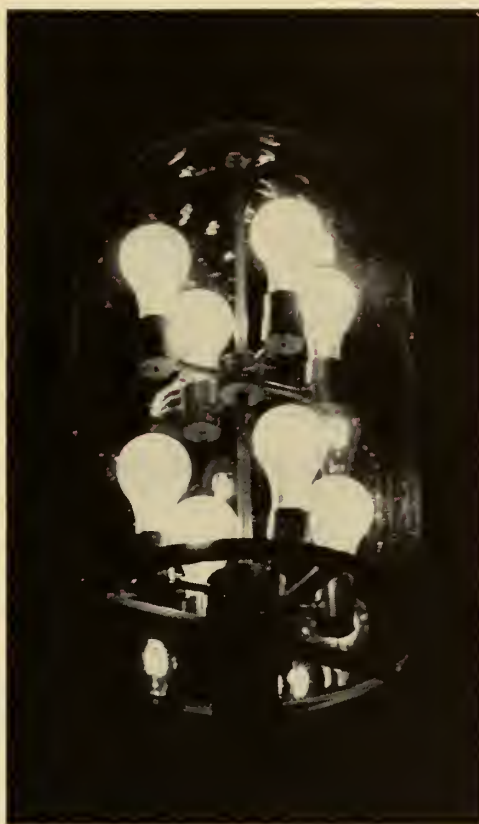
As older cities sprawl and tumble into chaotic suburbia, the “new towns” hold out hope for creating a radically restyled pattern of life in communities cut from whole cloth. Will they become models for future urbanization—or monuments to a bold experiment that failed?

A Sunday afternoon concert at Lake Anne Village Center recaptures the best of small-town living.



People

Text by WILLMON L. WHITE / Pictures by GEORGE P. MILLER



THE WORLD'S MOST beautiful cities, one urbanologist has observed, were all built by tyrants. Few would place Robert E. Simon, Jr., in the company of the builders of Rome, Paris, and London. But this soft-spoken real-estate investor has molded the new planned city at Reston, Va., with a tyrannical attention for every detail, and an autocratic insistence that it be a very special place for people.

Six years ago, Mr. Simon sold Carnegie Hall in New York City and purchased 7,400 rolling acres of fox-hunting countryside in Virginia's Fairfax County, 18 miles west of Washington, D.C. There, the eastern entrepreneur staked out the first of the 75 or more "new cities" that someday may dot the American landscape.

Mr. Simon and James H. Rouse (whose Columbia, Md., new-city project invites comparison with Reston) seem to have caught a new vision of the city as a practical expression of art. No other creative medium could be as costly or as complex, or demand the collaboration of so many disciplines and performers.

Reston and some of its sister "new cities" point the way to a radical new type of total-environment living. In what might be called *rur-*

Enter Reston in rural Virginia and you find a world uncluttered by billboards and garish neon. A carpenter's plane announces a hardware store, and silverware symbols mark a restaurant. Striking architecture sidesteps drab conformity, but the house number signs (top right) are all the same. Reston represents some of the most advanced ideas in town and church planning.

urbia, they seek to blend the pace and grace of country life with the convenience and social excitement of the teeming urban scene.

The man responsible for Reston is a music buff and a patron of the arts, but he has some hard-nosed ideas about what a city should and should not be. He reveals them not only in his handiwork, but in his words.

Mr. Simon says: *Many Americans want the stability of belonging to one community for a lifetime. They are tired of rootlessness.*

Lack of roots and nomadic mobility mark today's large urban centers and their almost hopeless tangle of human and technological problems. In a world that becomes increasingly vague, homogeneous, faceless, and placid, the new towns may create new life.

Reston's developers proceed on the premise that people need privacy, but not isolation. Like the American small town of earlier generations and certain cities of Europe, Reston's juxtaposition of homes, apartments, shops, community facilities, playgrounds, and raw nature discourage aloof coexistence, and throw people into congenial collision. Jane Wilhelm, who, as Reston's director of community relations, seeks to create opportunity for involvement, detects little of the "hedgehog psychology" that afflicts many suburbs.

Reston's master plan borrows from the "new town" concept in England and Scandinavia, where hundreds

of satellite communities have been located to relieve population congestion in centuries-old cities.

Unlike the government-financed and controlled new towns of Europe, however, Reston has hurdled zoning, legal, political, and financial barriers to gamble on the chancy home-buying market. The project once was within a week of folding for lack of backing.

Today, Reston has about 2,000 citizens and one pilot-project village center. By its projected completion in the early 1980s, an estimated 80,000 persons will be living in the town houses, detached dwellings, and apartments of seven villages ringing a larger town center.

Mr. Simon says: *The automobile, which is a nightmare for planning, must be domesticated and put in its place. Too many communities make vital choices in the interest of cars.*

The Reston plan provides for the complete separation of automobile and pedestrian traffic. Its streets curve along the periphery of residential areas instead of following traditional grid patterns. Walkways lead from town-house clusters and detached dwellings through wooded areas to the shopping plaza of village centers, schools, and churches. No part of the village is more than 10 minutes away on foot.

Lake Anne, the first of Reston's seven village centers, opened in late 1965 after the first families moved



into the nearby town-house clusters (cost range: \$23,000 to \$45,700 with two to five bedrooms). A 15-story, 60-unit high-rise apartment (rentals from \$125 to \$280 a month) towers over the village center. Draped in a J-shape around the man-made lake are shops, auditorium, art gallery, teen-age lounge, child-care center, bank, and professional offices. A leisurely "let's linger" atmosphere of small-town friendliness prevails.

Mr. Simon says: *Urbanization does not necessarily require the physical and aesthetic contamination of the countryside's natural beauty.*

Reston's builders have kept a tight rein on their bulldozers, which all too often scar the earth and uproot trees in conventional housing developments. The natural contours of the land are followed wherever possible, and great care is exercised to protect, build around, and even transplant trees.

The first man hired for the Reston project was a professional forester to help preserve the wooded areas. The second was a topographical engineer to select recreational sites. Reston one day will have more than 1,600 acres of parks and play space, six golf courses, two lakes, stables, and numerous swimming pools, tennis courts, and nature trails.

Unsaddled with such chores as mowing lawns and snow shoveling (these and other community-main-

tenance services cost each household \$100 a year), families find more time for creative and recreative leisure pursuits.

Reston's taste for culture was evident at the dedication of Lake Anne Village Center. The day-long tribute to the arts featured concerts, drama, ballet, folk dances, poetry readings, and performances by Washington-area artists. Regular classes are offered in painting and ceramics, and the community calendar is crowded with art exhibits, lectures, dance programs, films, and assorted events at the village library.

Mr. Simon says: *People should be able to work, as well as play near where they live.*

Reston eventually hopes to provide jobs for the majority of its residents, though many will continue to commute to Washington and points between. The new town's 1,000-acre industrial park already has attracted more than a dozen research centers, light industries, and government offices. These and others to come will give Reston a financial base not found in the average "bedroom" suburb.

Reston's advertised plan of providing housing for all who might choose to work there—from corporation president to charwoman—is yet to be realized. It has been criticized, in fact, for lack of lower-income housing, for its upper middle-class orientation, and token integration. But its designers ask not to be judged on the first village alone, necessarily designed



Reston is the brainchild of Robert E. Simon, Jr., above, who turns up at most community events and leaves his distinctive stamp everywhere (the town takes its name from his initials). Lake Anne Village Center, pictured on opposite page, is the hub of community life. Youngsters bicycle on traffic-safe walkways, frolic on modernistic sculpture, and fish in the 30-acre lake. Their parents shop, conduct business, and chat with neighbors on a first-name basis. With cars removed from the center, Restonians walk more and thrive on an environment that promotes human relationships.



Frank Matthews, Methodist church-school teacher, drives home a point at an evening meeting of the Reston Foundation, which promotes educational, cultural, and scientific activities.

as a showcase to attract prospective home-buyers. The bankrupt never build cities.

As business and industry bring in more diverse economic and social groups, housing patterns are expected to broaden. Construction this year will include three projects aimed at lower incomes. Others are on the drawing boards. In November, 1966, the U.S. Department of Housing and Urban Development announced a \$200,000 grant to Reston Virginia Foundation for Community Programs, a private nonprofit organization, to demonstrate the viability of low-income housing.

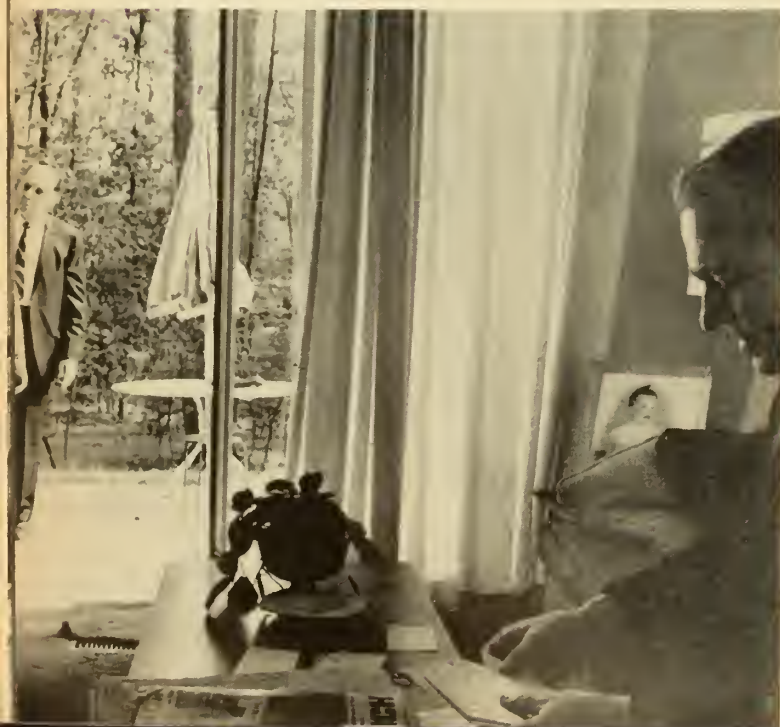
It is true that only a few Negro families have settled in Reston. Financial reasons and fears of isolation in a white neighborhood have discouraged some. The developer refuses to engineer racial integration, but instead is making open-housing policies clear, and expanding into town-house and apartment projects that can qualify for FHA (Federal Housing Administration) loans and rent subsidies.

Mr. Simon says: *A community is good only when it is designed to give each individual the opportunities which mean most to him . . .*

. . . which includes church life, of course. Early in Reston's planning stages, the Council of Churches of Greater Washington helped predict the religious characteristics of Reston's population, and 35 church sites were designated on the master plan—4 of them Methodist. The first to be established was Redeemer Methodist Church, organized by the Rev. J. Robert Regan, Jr. With his wife and their three sons, he moved into one of the town houses in March, 1965—one of Reston's first families.

Formal organization came that August, about the time the pastor's wife gave birth to Jennifer, the first native-born Restonian. In the beginning, the 50 members met in the antebellum mansion of one of the

In his town-house parsonage, Methodist Minister J. Robert Regan sorts evangelism visitation cards for laymen of Redeemer Methodist Church who wait outside on the patio.



original Reston landowners who still runs a nearby distillery. Mr. Regan remembers arranging the altar in a richly paneled library dominated by a huge bar.

This past January the congregation moved into its educational first unit and fellowship hall which serves as a sanctuary. Major support has been provided by the board of missions of the Alexandria and Arlington Districts and the Virginia Annual Conference, and Methodism's Board of Missions in New York.

The Redeemer congregation faces the unusual challenge of serving a community which, on the surface, seems to have little need of its ministry. What can the church offer the community that superior planning is unable to provide? How do you approach young, well-educated people who reject unsophisticated evangelism?

These and other questions confront Bob Regan and his congregation. "People don't come to Redeemer for social reasons," says the pastor. "There are plenty of other ways to meet people in Reston." Those who do come are looking for something "a little more significant" than most churchgoers, he thinks.

Redeemer lately has demonstrated its ecumenical aptitude by cosponsoring a study on the interdenominational theme "Affluence and Poverty" with a new Jewish congregation which has been offered use of the Methodist facilities. Several co-operative programs have been arranged between Methodists and Baptists, the second denomination to arrive in Reston under a comity agreement.

Pastor Regan is experimenting with a Monday after-school program of church-school activity which he thinks eventually may replace Christian education on Sunday morning. Another program is informal week-night study groups of uncommitted young adults discussing secular subjects with ethical dimensions.

Mr. Simon says: *New towns are not a total solution to the problems of living, but perhaps they can help teach us how to live as neighbors in an increasingly complex world.*

Make no mistake, Reston is not paradise regained. Its problems are different, but they exist nonetheless. If Reston attracts, it also repels. To those who flinch at what they consider infringement of personal freedom and grumble of "too much planning," it is a place to visit, not live. And it remains to be seen if the community can harmoniously blend all social, economic, and age levels. (The Virginia Annual Conference is planning a home for the elderly there.)

Social scientists will be watching Reston and the other new towns to see how families respond to what some would call a "hothouse environment." What happens when most of the wrinkles are ironed out, and the biggest decisions facing community leaders may be picking a date for the summer lakeside concerts or renaming a bridge path? Where does a new town with no traditions and history find its identity?

The big question, perhaps, is whether people are equipped to cope with the kind of community which Reston is striving to become. Can man stomach Eden—or would he prefer to locate a little to the east? □

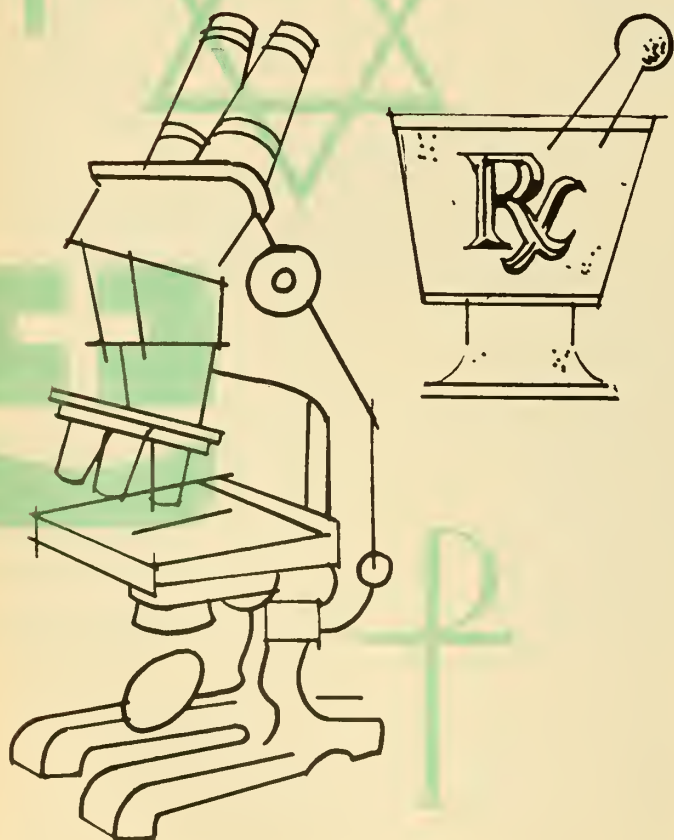


On Lake Anne lagoon, a sailboat glides lazily past Reston's main landmark. The 15-story apartment complex commands a breathtaking view of walk-up apartments over shops along the dock boardwalk, lakeside town houses, detached one-family dwellings in the surrounding woods, and abundant recreational areas.

At Methodism's first major conference on medicine and theology, physicians and pastors explore . . .

A WHOLE MAN APPROACH TO HEALTH

By WILLMON L. WHITE
Associate Editor



FLYING INTO Rochester for the first time, one expects to find a heavy-hanging fog of ether and more wheelchairs than automobile traffic. The Minnesota city of 50,000 has more doctors per capita than any other place in the world, and is the home of the famed Mayo Clinic and the new \$14 million Rochester Methodist Hospital. Its abundance of hotels and motels, however, suggests a peaceful resort town rather than a place of pain and suffering.

Even so, it is obvious—just from overhearing snatches of conversation here and there around the town—that a great many people come to Rochester for health's sake. At breakfast, a middle-aged real-estate salesman hands you his card and explains he is there because "the old ulcer is acting up again; just a little case of nerves."

Against this backdrop, 400 physicians, pastors, chaplains, and others in related fields assembled in Rochester this spring for the first National Methodist Convocation on Medicine and Theology. Protestants of several denominations were present along with Roman Catholics and Jews. Representatives of the American Medical Association and the Academy of Religion and Medicine also attended.

Intersection of the Healing Disciplines

Bishop T. Otto Nall of Minneapolis welcomed participants and explained that the purpose of the three-day intersection of the disciplines was to provide a forum where the professionals of medicine and theology could explore common goals in seeking health, healing, and the wholeness of man.

Soon participants were wrestling in earnest with the life-and-death ethical questions arising not from modern medicine's failures but from its fantastic successes. They agreed at the outset that frontiers are being pushed back so rapidly it is increasingly difficult even to ask the right questions.

The Rochester convocation did, at least, isolate some of the significant questions:

When is abortion justifiable? How long should doctors prolong life when recovery is hopeless? Is experimentation on human beings morally permissible? What hope exists for the closer teamwork by the M.D. and the minister? What is health, anyhow, and where does it fit on the Christian's scale of values?

Health was described as an "enabler" but not an end in itself by Dr. Seward Hiltner, Princeton Theological Seminary theologian and pastoral counseling pioneer. The biblical view, he said, holds that all healing is from God. The modern Western slant tends to overemphasize health so that, "No matter whether you are having surgery, psychoanalysis, exercise, group confrontation, yogurt, hobbies, or a sense of humor—they are all justified because they make you healthy." Calling preoccupation with health a form of idolatry, Dr. Hiltner said anyone who can walk, talk, and work should get on with the business of living—even if he carries a formidable thorn in the flesh.

Twentieth-century advances in both medicine and theology, he said, have broken down the compartmentalization of man into mind, body, and soul. Yet

the incorrect assumption that health is somehow "secular" and that salvation is "religious" still lingers.

Life-and-Death Ethical Issues

Dr. Edward H. Rynearson, a convocation spell-binder with his candid approach to ethical issues, received prolonged applause when he declared that doctors should not try to keep "dead" people alive. A consultant emeritus in internal medicine at Mayo, he cited one example of a woman kept in a nursing home for five years in an unconscious state at a cost of \$50,000. On discovering this, the Methodist doctor urged relatives to consult a religious adviser and they agreed that the tubes keeping the patient alive should be removed. An autopsy revealed later that the brain was hopelessly deteriorated.

Dr. Joseph Fletcher, Episcopal theologian and author of the controversial book *Situation Ethics: The New Morality* (Westminster, \$3.95, cloth; \$1.95, paper), blamed religious tradition for blocking medical research and innovation. Christian theology, he said, seems totally unprepared to deal with such thorny questions as artificial insemination, nontherapeutic abortion, suicide, and euthanasia. For example:

Is the scientist who generates life in the laboratory test tube guilty of murder when he cuts off the process? Are we morally justified in transplanting kidneys when the bodies of donors are in the twilight zone between life and death? Is there any moral objection to the use of hallucinogenic drugs such as LSD? If we give our moral approval to conventional birth-control pills, why not approve "morning after" pills, which are just around the corner for conception control?

One lecturer suggested that it may be precisely here—in the uncertain moral no-man's-land—that doctor and pastor can meet each other with true humility and mutual respect.

The Specter of Specialization

Medical progress has been marked by the splintering of the physicians' practice into ever-narrowing segments of specialization. This has had certain undesirable side effects: loss of focus on the whole man, and an erosion of the *art* of medicine. Today's patient too often is lost in a welter of mechanical gadgetry focusing ingeniously on the vital functions of a bewildered whole, declared Dr. Melvin A. Casberg, a Long Beach, Calif., surgeon and former Methodist medical missionary.

Time and again, in lectures and table discussions, the "old family doctor" of another generation was nostalgically recalled as one who prescribed generous portions of himself. By contrast, today's specialists seem too impersonal, too withdrawn, too scientific, and perhaps even condescending in approaching patients.

Clearly, the effective practice of medicine cannot neglect man's emotional and spiritual problems. The cry for help, the quest for security, the effort to alleviate guilt—all have both physical and emotional accompaniments. Dr. Walter Alvarez, the medical columnist, calls this the "caught-in-a-trap disease."

Fertile fields for collaboration between medicine

and theology, according to Dr. Francis J. Braceland, editor of the *American Journal of Psychiatry*, are:

The young, especially those under academic stress and those having trouble with sexual freedom under the "new morality";

The middle-aged, who frequently are unable to adjust to new situations due to rigid, long-established personality patterns; and

The elderly, often depressed because of the "lost cap of office" and because the culture seems to have no place or time for them.

Teamwork on 'Human Documents'

Whether pastors and physicians will be able to work more closely together depends on many factors, including their ability to agree on a "whole man" approach to health. Beyond that, can the disciplines learn to intercommunicate about Medicare, faith healing, and other topics that provoke tension?

Some doctors still treat ministers as intruders to be called in only for deathbed scenes. Ministers sometimes feel ill at ease in the hospital. The variance of social, economic, and political considerations often presents other barriers. A recent clergy-physician survey in one state disclosed that a considerable segment of both professions believes that the other has departed from its purity of purpose in earlier times.

At Rochester, at least some in each of the professions seemed to accept their share of the blame for what estrangement does exist between them.

A theologian: "We clergymen have not done our homework. We have no clear picture of the unique contributions we can make to the healing team. As a result, we often aren't even *on* the team."

A physician: "The doctor must enter into meaningful dialogue concerning the dignity of man, the value of human life, and the goals of man's existence—ultimate questions which medicine often has left unasked."

Building Bridges for Whole Health

Summaries from the discussion groups agreed that while many bridges have been built between medicine and theology, many more are needed. One table composed equally of pastors and physicians drew up a statement saying that the hope of a doctor-clergy working relationship lies in "a willingness of the doctor to think theologically about medical decisions, and for the pastor to think medically and scientifically about the pastoral care and cure of souls."

Among many practical suggestions, participants reached accord that seminaries should promote more exposure to the biological sciences and clinical training based on the internship principle. Similarly, medical schools were urged to provide compulsory courses in ethics and theology.

The Rochester convocation—which most participants felt transcended the ordinary in terms of both aims and accomplishments—produced no ready answers, no neat position paper. But it did underscore the need for closer co-ordination between the two disciplines. For the ministry of health and healing is the exclusive domain of neither pastor nor physician. □



Cartoon by Charles M. Schulz. © 1961 by Warner Press, Inc.

"And this is my Uncle Joel on my mother's side. They say he is very religious. He is against all forms of entertainment except pitching horseshoes!"

Teens Together

By DALE WHITE

WOULD you believe a theological debate? In March, a girl wrote in to say she had believed God is dead, until her life was miraculously spared when a tornado demolished the trailer in which she and her family lived. Now she is convinced God is alive and redeeming his people as always. Several letters came in response, including this one:

"When I first read the letter from the girl who miraculously found her faith, I believed her to be a hypocrite. I thought she was doing the same thing I used to do, looking for an easy way to rediscover my childhood faith and enjoy the security I used to feel as a 'true believer.'

"However, I put myself in her place—her concern over a lost faith, her emotional upheaval during the disaster. I soon felt she was justified in the sense of immense humbling her experience must have brought, as she was shown dramatically how our entire existence seems to be held in a Power's hands.

"Such experiences are, unfortunately, not convincing to me. I have fought with nature, and felt exhilarated. I have barely missed cars and embankments. I fell 15 feet off a 200-foot cliff and was saved

when my foot 'miraculously' found a notch under a pair of handholds. But this forms no argument for me.

"How can any event of near disaster prove the existence of a divine power? A car which stops two feet from one person may kill his neighbor standing in front of him. If I took a spear and flung it into an open box of mice, those mice I missed would thank God for their salvation. Or suppose I made that last curve (divine miracle), but ran into the car in front. Did God save me the first time, but change his mind on the second?

"If I say, 'Because of my deliverance, I am now in the hands of God,' where was I before? Was I not surviving on the free air I breathed, and on the energy which came from the food I ate? Shall I say that God created a miracle with every breath I took?

"Actually, I am not an atheist, and I am not really so sure of my doubts. As Colton said, 'When young, we trust ourselves too much; and we trust others too little when old. Rashness is the error of youth; timid caution of age.' I keep that in my wallet as a reminder that youth is often wrong."

How would you respond to this? Personally, I find the author's argu-

ments quite convincing. I believe a dramatic experience of deliverance from death is no more proof of the existence of a divine Power than is the quiet miracle of breathing. It is frightening even to think of a God who pushes and pulls the forces of nature whenever he feels like it, saving this person and letting another die. Unless we say that God everywhere works through the orderly laws of nature, we open the door to superstition and magical thinking.

However, most of us live with a false idea about our existence. We forget the principle of the cross—that to live and love is to suffer and die. We come to believe that *we* provide for our own existence, or even that somehow we deserve to live, and to live well. Then suddenly we look into the black jaws of death. In one terrible moment we discover our absolute dependence upon cosmic forces for every moment of life. The universe owes us nothing, nor can it be persuaded to make any exception to its universal order, simply on our behalf.

We can respond to such a moment with bitterness and anger. Or we can respond with gratitude that the universe which owes us nothing yet gives us life. We can respond with trust in the universal order which provides a home for us. We may even dare to believe that our existence has some meaning, and to hope that the forces which gave us life may continue to provide for us after death. Longing to express such gratitude, trust, and hope, we may find ourselves, even against our will, breathing the ancient name—God.

In Jesus Christ we see the quality of living which can issue from such a faith.



I am a girl, 15. My problem is my family and the way they punish me. My mother still treats me like a small child, and always punishes me by spanking. She keeps a wooden paddle hanging in the kitchen. When I am to be punished, she makes me bring the paddle to her and turns me across her knees. Then she pulls up my skirt and paddles me on my underpants. Sometimes my little brother who is eight sits and watches. I have tried to talk to her about changing my punishment, but she just says that as long as I act like a child she is going to spank me like one. Daddy agrees with her, too. And the article in the February TOGETHER seems to be on their side.

What can I do? If this didn't happen very often I wouldn't bother you,

but I get it for talking too long on the phone, being late getting home, and other simple things. Just last week I was paddled twice for tying up the phone. I know I need to be punished sometimes, but should a girl of my age be punished like this?—C.M.

Psychologists agree that spanking should give way to other forms of discipline as the child grows. Methods which humiliate or take away the dignity of the young person often do more harm than good. For the small child, gentle restraints, a firm stand, and an occasional hand-slapping seem to work best. The adolescent needs to know very clearly what the rules are, and what privileges he will forfeit if he goes out of bounds. Ideally, a person your age should have her own built-in restraints. Rule-book morality is too blunt an instrument for the decisions you will soon be making. Only a sensitive Christian conscience and a loving concern for other persons will see you through the confusing world of tomorrow. No doubt your parents want you to show these qualities now.

Get the July, 1966, issue of *McCall's* and read with your parents the excellent article on the research findings of Dr. Stanley Coopersmith of the University of California. He finds that the conditions in the home which lead to moral health are "love, affection, protection, respect, trust," and a relative absence of "hostility, humiliation, fear, contempt, domination." Talk it over with them and see what agreements you can reach together. Meanwhile, put the alarm clock by your telephone. Before you make a call, set it for the time you are supposed to hang up. In our home we used to have a telephone curfew—15 minutes maximum for any single call, and no second call within the hour.

Qa

I am a girl, 16. I live in the Philippines. My problem is my voice. Four years ago my physician gave me some medicine, because since I was a child, I was very thin. He told me to take 20 tablets, but I took 150 tablets, since I noticed little improvement. A few months later my brother and sisters began to laugh at my voice. I started to sound like a boy. I have waited and waited, but my original voice has not returned. What shall I do to have my proper voice back? I have such confusion in my head with everyone staring and laughing at me.—N.T.

You need skilled medical advice. Go with your parents to your physi-

cian. Ask him if a specialist may be found in some nearby city. If no such specialist is available, I will be happy to seek the advice of a physician here in the United States. If you wish me to do this, please ask your physician to write a letter to me describing your medical problem as he understands it, and the exact nature of the medication he gave to you.

Qa

I have read ads from organizations providing food and clothing for needy children overseas. They said you could help support a homeless child in Korea and other countries by monthly donations. I have read elsewhere of such children being rejected by their relatives when they had G.I. fathers. I have been thinking that when I get married I would like to adopt such a child. Is this ever possible?—N.W.

It is good to sense your warm concern for deprived children on the other side of the world. Bringing such children to this country is not always the best answer, because of the shock the child suffers in being uprooted from his own culture. Programs have provided for the adoption of Oriental children in this country. If you and your future husband agree you would like to do this, you might ask local adoption officials if such programs exist at that time.

Qa

I am a boy, 19. There is something I cannot understand—girls. I like this girl very much. Last January I took her on a date, but she acted scared to death the whole time. After the movie, I took her home, kissed her goodnight, and that was that. The next week I asked her for another date, but she said she had to babysit. Now she won't even look at me when I come to church, as though she is afraid to see me again. What is wrong with me?—R.V.

It sounds to me as though the girl got a bad case of stage fright on that date. Now she may be too embarrassed to face you, imagining you must think her very dull. One good way to avoid those painful, awful silences, when no one has anything to say, is to group-date with two or three couples. If at least one person in the group has the gift of gab, the whole thing can stay alive. Also, you might try having several couples over, with plenty of loud records and lots

to eat. If the girl knows some of her friends will be around so the whole burden of a successful evening doesn't fall on her, she may get up enough courage to attend.

Qa

I am a boy, going on 17. I rarely go out with anyone. There is this girl I love very deeply, but she lives about 75 miles from here. I am under strict supervision, and I really resent it. What can I do?—L.N.

Maybe Greyhound has a way. Why not tell your father straight out that you really go for that little girl? Ask him what you have to do to get to see her once in a while, and how they worked out such things when he was your age. Your folks might invite her over for a weekend on some special occasion, like a prom, or a big game, or a class play. Or her folks might invite you over.

You might even invent a special occasion. It is amazing what you can engineer, if everybody works together. And both sets of parents can supervise to their hearts' content.

Qa

I am a girl, 13. There is a boy who likes me, and I like him, too. He calls me sometimes and we talk for a while. Then my parents get angry because they think I'm too young for boys to call me. Mother tells me that if I don't tell him not to call me, she will. This would be very embarrassing for me, but I don't want to tell him because I enjoy talking with him. What do you think?—J.S.

Better ask him not to call for awhile. Personally, I see no real harm in his calling, but your parents should have the right to decide these things. They can see the total picture better than other people, usually. Many parents worry about their young people pushing too fast socially. If you have done everything, seen everything, and been everywhere in junior high, you tend to believe you have a right to adult privileges in senior high, whether you are ready for them or not.

Tell Dr. Dale White about your problems, your worries, your accomplishments, and he will respond through Teens Together. Write to him c/o TOGETHER, Box 423, Park Ridge, Illinois 60068.—EDITORS

Looks at NEW Books

ALMOST as if they had known the theme of this issue was going to be conservation, book publishers have been sending me review copies of books on different facets of this vital subject.

One of the most interesting, original thinkers of our time is Eric Hoffer, who spends three days a week working as a longshoreman on the San Francisco docks and a fourth day across the bay at Berkeley as "research professor" at the University of California.

In *The Temper of Our Time* (Harper & Row, \$3.95), he cocks a weather eye at the floods, tornadoes, typhoons, earthquakes, pests, plagues, and other natural phenomena that fall as disasters on the human race, and he concludes that nature still is a match for man. To this the people of northern Illinois can say a devout amen. Within three months this area was paralyzed by a giant snowstorm and then torn apart by killer tornadoes.

Even when the city forms a citadel against less violent manifestations of nature, its people are not defended from the nature that is within them,

Hoffer realizes. Because of our lusts and our fears, and the subconscious cellars of our minds, it is easier to dehumanize man in the mass than it is to dehumanize any individual man.

It is with dehumanization in all its forms that *The Temper of Our Time* is most concerned. Hoffer speaks strongly against the totalitarian society that develops when intellectuals gain power. For, he says, the intellectuals have "a mechanical, lifeless conception of man's being" and try to process him into something that he is not. He sees time as working for the intellectuals because automation will put them on top and make the common people unneeded and unwanted. Because a wholly automated economy will demand only a token effort from the individual, he believes society will have to become a school charged with the realization of human resources.

There is a mountain in Germany that has the most magnificent oaks in the world growing on its south slope. On its north slope, which should be even better, there is only an indifferent stand of Scotch pine. Back in the Middle Ages a hunting bishop pre-

served the south slope as a deer forest, but the north slope was pastured, plowed, and cut. Finally it was replanted to forest, but by then something had happened to the soil and two centuries of conservation have not restored it.

The late Aldo Leopold, a great naturalist and conservationist, wrote about it in one of the essays that compose *A Sand County Almanac* (Oxford, \$6.50). Most of the essays in this refreshingly wise and mellow book, however, are about the passing of the seasons on Leopold's Wisconsin farm. Others are philosophical reflections on the essential unity that exists between man and the land. Conservation, Leopold believed, is not just an economic issue, it is the extension of ethics from people to land.

When I was a youngster, I was lucky enough to know a bear named Tony. He hung out at the store on the 101 Ranch, near Ponca City, Okla. For a while he was just chained to a column that supported the store's front porch. Then as he grew older, and bigger, and probably testier, he was put inside a cage, but people still

Family picture from The Mighty Bears. But if you meet such a family in the woods, go the other way. Wild animals may misunderstand attempts to be friendly, and they can be dangerous.



passed it as they went in and out of the store, and there were no guard rails to keep them at a distance. In fact, Tony had a great thirst for soda pop, and when we visited the ranch, my big thrill was to buy a bottle of pop for Tony. My parents refused to let me hand it to him myself, but I had the pleasure of seeing him take the opened bottle from my father.

Children who are not so lucky can have a less direct but more informative acquaintanceship with bears through *The Mighty Bears* (Random House, \$1.95). In this liberally illustrated book, **Robert M. McClung**, former curator of mammals and birds at the Bronx Zoo, introduces young readers to black bears, grizzlies, Alaskan brown bears, polar bears, and other members of this family of mighty mammals.

Wild Season (Little, Brown, \$4.95) is a story about death. And about life.

The time is May, the place is a lake near the Illinois-Wisconsin border, the story is the story of survival in nature. We see a quiet meadow, a still lake, a lazy spring day, and then within them a world of frantic activity, transfixed with violence and sudden death.

But this is not the cruelty and cheap death of the James Bond movie or the paperback thriller. In this strong, vividly written book, **Allan W. Eckert** is concerned with the balance of nature, a balance so precise that one animal can survive only by exploiting another. Says Eckert: "... in nature's book, everything has its place and its time; there exists a persistent interdependency of its creatures one upon another. And there is never waste."

This is an adult nature book.

Is the whooping crane about to join the mastodon, the great auk, and the dodo in extinction? Or will this big bird with the tapered, shining white body continue to soar the skies between Texas and Canada in spite of oil pollution, hunters, egg collectors, parking lots, military installations, and other blessings of civilization?

An oddly assorted lot of champions have labored, often at cross-purposes, to save the whooper. **Faith McNulty** tells the story for young adults in *The Whooping Crane* (Dutton, \$4.95). This is an absorbing book about an isolated but dramatic aspect of conservation.

Methodist minister **Don Ian Smith**, who lives on a ranch in the mountains of Idaho, says it is easy to know God is great when you look around you at the wild and beautiful country that edges the turbulent Salmon River. He is the author of a series of meditations from the High Country titled *By the*

River of No Return (Abingdon, \$2.50).

When you embark upon the Salmon, he writes, "you are going all the way, no matter what!" There can be no turning back for several days while you ride the rapids. Life is like that, he believes; the past cannot be relived, the future cannot be known. But with faith we can go on our voyage with gladness, free to enjoy the scenery and the excitement and the fellowship of our fellow travelers.

You may recognize the second meditation in this book: *Satellites and Saddle Horses* appeared in the March issue of *TOGETHER* [page 43].

The first farmers lived along river banks, and the earliest city civilizations developed along rivers. In fact, much of the history of mankind is linked to rivers, boys and girls who are eight or older will discover in *Know Your Rivers of the World* (Rand McNally, \$1.95), by **Philip S. Egan**.

This is a concise exploration of major rivers of the world done in textbook or reference-book format. It is a good specialized sidelight on history and geography.

Every citizen of the United States is part owner of a magnificent collection of scenery scattered throughout the country. These are our 32 national parks, established to preserve the scenery, the forests, the wilderness life, and the wilderness game for all of us to enjoy.

If your vacation plans include a visit to one of these parks this summer, you will want to see the *Rand McNally National Park Guide* (Rand McNally, \$2.95), by **Michael Frome**. This complete guidebook includes, also, special sections on the National Monuments, Seashores, Recreation Areas, Parkways, and Historic Sites.

Boys and girls will enjoy television commentator **Howard K. Smith's** lively history of his hometown, *Washington, D.C.* (Random House, \$3.95), particularly if they plan to visit the nation's capital this summer. This landmark book is compactly and expertly written, and is generously illustrated with pictures and maps.

Women who dream about faraway places but hesitate to set out for them by themselves will be reassured by *The Intelligent Woman Traveler* (Simon and Schuster, \$7.50). Travel Editor **Frances Koltun**, who has logged as much as 95,000 miles in a year, has packed this book with every kind of advice a feminine traveler would need. With it, any lady should be able to set out without any fear whatsoever. If the advice should hap-



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Bishop Nall Answers Questions About . . .

Your Faith and Your Church

Can grief ever be good? Of course, for God often heals and helps through grief. Therefore, "Good grief!" is more than a cry of frustration.

Grief becomes good when it clears us of guilt (and God's forgiveness removes the sense of guilt), or when it prompts us to do something about the causes of grief (like casualty lists in wartime or race riots). Grief that is mere self-pity can crush the human spirit, but grief that looks to God for comfort and counsel loses its self-centeredness. So, grief becomes good when we allow God to share our sorrow. Blessed—that is happy—are they who mourn, for the Father himself shall comfort them.

What is the 'new left'? One student recently defined it, religiously, as "left of the church but still right of Christ." And Charles E. Fager, writing in *The Christian Century*, spoke of the "new left" culturally when he called it "perhaps the most vital part of this generation's search for itself." He explained: "These are the youths raised on the fat of the cold war, who have recently found out where their childhood goodies came from, and are still grappling with the horror and hypocrisy the discovery revealed."

The new left (probably not so new, after all) has nothing to do with stereotypes of communism and socialism. Whether it is radically Christian enough to survive religiously remains to be seen.

How does the Central Jurisdiction differ from Central Conferences? "Central" appears in both names, but according to the Constitution of The Methodist Church, they are quite different.

The Central Conferences (and there are 10) are made up of annual conferences, provisional annual conferences and missions in regions outside the United States. For example, the Central Conference of Northern Europe includes the Norway, Sweden, and Denmark Annual Conferences and the Finland, Finland-Swedish, and Baltic-Slavic Provisional Conferences. A Central Conference must have at least 30 ministerial and 30 lay delegates, except by special provision of the General Conference.

The Central Jurisdiction, limited to the U.S., is made up of Negro annual conferences, Negro mission conferences and missions.

"Are we in a time of more questions and fewer answers?" Bishop T. Otto Nall asks. "At least, we can try." He began as editor of the Christian Advocate, now is resident bishop of the Minnesota Area. Your questions will be sent to him for answering.

pen not to work, a frightened lady traveler could just take a good grip on the book and swing. It is hefty enough to knock out any would-be annoy.

Games People Play (Grove Press, \$5) has been near the top of the best-seller list for an impressive number of weeks. Yet, this book is not psychiatry-made-easy, nor does it exhort you to pull yourself up by your own bootstraps. Psychiatrist Eric Berne wrote it as a sequel to a book called *Transactional Analysis in Psychotherapy* because his students at the University of California medical school and members of his lecture audiences wanted him to be more specific about what he meant when he said people tend to live their lives by playing out certain "games" in their relationships with each other. He is specific, and he also writes clearly and with humor, so the result is an absorbing, informative book that, fortunately, does not require of the reader that he read the previous book.

A minister's wife, Judi Culbertson, and Patti Bard, whose husband is an art teacher, took their cue from Dr. Berne and got together on a book about *Games Christians Play* (Harper & Row, \$2.95). This is a tongue-in-cheek look at our church life as we live it, and the satire is funny and expertly focused. Unfortunately, all of us will find ourselves somewhere in it.

The term "situation ethics" is tossed around in church groups a lot these days. It means that the accepted rules of behavior set up by society, or by the church, work most of the time but are not infallible; there are situations in which they do not apply creatively, and in these situations the determining factor should be the greater good. This, of course, has to be a personal decision.

A case in point is the colorful career of Hank Greenspun, publisher of the *Las Vegas Sun*. Here is a man who has consistently defied the rules, always for what he has been convinced was the greater good. During the new state of Israel's war with the Arabs he was a gunrunner for Israel, occasionally involved in violence, often twisting the truth to his purposes. He lost his U.S. citizenship for violating the U.S. Neutrality Act, but this later was restored to him by President Kennedy.

Through his newspaper, he was one of the first members of the press to tackle Senators Pat McCarran and Joseph McCarthy. He seems to assume that the gambling business in Las Vegas, however, is no more than any other business would be to any other community, and in *Where I Stand* (McKay, \$5.50), which he has written with Alex Pelle, he does not

write at length of Las Vegas life, although he was associated with the gentle and genial Wilbur Clark, whose dream of a grand hotel-casino came to reality through money from the Syndicate. Perhaps it is enough that Greenspun walked out on the association, although his regard for Clark never waned.

In spots, *Where I Stand* reads like the script for a "B" movie, but Greenspun's own view of himself is more like that of the sterling character in the movie/TV western who stands for right whatever the cost. In any case, the book is fascinating reading, whether Greenspun is talking a bankrupt gambler out of shooting himself or is speaking out against the evils of McCarthyism. Here is a man who, at least, knows what he believes and acts positively in that context. Whether you agree with him or not is something else.

"He was a nice man, the best epitaph any man can have . . ." Groucho Marx said in a letter to Russell Baker when T. S. Eliot died. It is an epitaph that will fit Groucho himself, but I hope it won't be needed for a long time.

The sensitivity, gentleness, and genuine love for people that lurk behind the moustache and cigar of the brash-sounding comedian are fully revealed in *The Groucho Letters, Letters From and to Groucho Marx* (Simon and Schuster, \$4.95). His wit is revealed, too, and these interchanges with some of the world's most famous men and women, as well as with Groucho's family and close friends, are a pleasure to share.

Most of us think of Frank Mason North as a hymn writer. And he did write hymns, including the beloved *Where Cross the Crowded Ways of Life*.

But hymn writing was only incidental for that remarkable Christian. For 20 years he directed the work of the New York City Church Extension and Missionary Society of the former Methodist Episcopal Church. Then he headed Methodist foreign missions work. As a founder of the Federal Council of Churches, which later was incorporated into the National Council of Churches, he was an ecumenical pioneer. And, in 1908, he helped frame the document that became known as the Methodist Social Creed and was the forerunner for all our other present-day statements of Christian social concerns.

" . . . while Walter Rauschenbusch wrote and taught the social gospel and Washington Gladden preached it, North was the city missionary at work," says Creighton Lacy in *Frank Mason North* (Abingdon, \$6.50).

Lacy's missionary parents were closely associated with Dr. North and his son Eric for many years, and while Lacy cannot remember meeting him, the senior Lacy's firsthand recollections spurred him to write this biography.

Boys and girls will find a readable explanation of the symbols they see at church in *Young Readers Book of Christian Symbolism* (Abingdon, \$3.95), by Michael Daves. Older Christians who want a clearer understanding of the signs of their faith will get something out of this book, too.

Communism is "a judgment of God against the whole Western World," believes a German Evangelical Lutheran minister. He is Kurt Hutten, author of *Iron Curtain Christians* (Augsburg, \$10).

Christians in noncommunist countries, says Pastor Hutten, should recognize that their world, too, is largely under the domain of secularism—the kind that does not lead to an open battle against the churches but ". . . leads to religious indifference."

Communism behind the Iron Curtain has dropped its own heavy attacks against the churches, he reports. The Communists believe that "religious remnants" will die out with the older generation. In many cases, however, the faith has sprung up with new power after being refined in the fire of atheist propaganda. And in no communist country has the Christian faith been destroyed. The church's danger in this more comfortable era is that it will forget the attacks that have been made on it and succumb to weariness.

Pastor Hutten is a veteran religious journalist and head of the Evangelical News Service for Wurttemberg. *Iron Curtain Christians* is an enlightening report on churches of all confessions in Russia, Red China, and the satellite countries.

Are we humans merely puppets in the hands of God? Or are we free agents? Does God act in history? How?

It is the answers to questions like these that Robert Farrar Capon gets at in *An Offering of Uncles: The Priesthood of Adam and the Shape of the World* (Sheed and Ward, \$3.95). He does it in a sophisticated style that will exasperate some and delight others, but he is uniquely equipped to write about theology for laymen, and he does so with wit and grace.

If at times he seems to wander, or his meaning does not come quite clear, bear with him. What he has to say is important, and he sums it up brilliantly in the book's final pages.

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Browsing in Fiction

With GERALD KENNEDY

BISHOP, LOS ANGELES AREA

ALL OF US, whether we like it or not, are critics. We make judgments concerning people, nations, morals, good taste, history, and the future. But the man who is regarded as a more or less professional critic of any particular part of life is always in a very dangerous position.

If recognized as an expert, he is likely to become arrogant and pronounce his judgments as if they came from Mount Sinai. Some men, with a few words, have decided the fate of a play, a picture, or a book. It was against this arrogance that Jesus spoke when he warned us that whatever our judgments on others, they will be actually judgments upon ourselves.

I have this in mind every time I must express a point of view regarding any phase of life. That is the time to tread very softly and speak very humbly for one is revealing himself. Certainly no man knows enough about another man to pronounce judgment on him. And what shall we say about criticizing another man's work? All the critic can do is report honestly the effect the production had on his mind. Every criticism becomes an autobiographical note.

In the case of fiction, we inevitably reveal our total view of life when we comment on a book. Some have said this is wrong and that we should simply criticize a book on whether it is well written or poorly written. This is impossible, although we may try to see it from the standpoint of technique only. So, a book review becomes a personal testimony—and that is a rather frightening thought.

THE LAST ONE LEFT by John D. MacDonald (*Doubleday*, \$4.95) is a case in point. MacDonald has written more than 50 novels in the last 17 years, and you will find him well represented in paperback displays. I had never read any of his books until this one came to my desk, so I wanted to find out why he is so much sought after. The answer is

very simple. He knows how to tell a story, and once you begin, you cannot wait to find out what happens.

The Last One Left is about a number of people, most of them with no more morals than a cat. It is a story of violence, set in the Bahamas and the coast of Florida. Most of the people are after money or excitement or sex. (There are a few decent ones.)

The leading female character is so devoid of scruples or conscience that an unsophisticated fellow like me wonders if anybody can get so utterly irresponsible and unconscionable. There is a fortune which is almost stolen by this lady and her infatuated, victimized companions. This female (I cannot call her a heroine) so overwhelms the story that she is the one impression you have left after you have read the book.

I do not recommend that you read it. I report it as one more indication of what happens to human beings who want only money and security and do not care what they do to obtain such treasures. With MacDonald's writing gift, I would like to see him tackle a great theme sometime and produce a great book. But here I go, preaching again.

Many of us have read the syndicated columns of Marquis Childs. He has been a distinguished political observer and analyst for some time. I was, therefore, very interested when his **TAINT OF INNOCENCE** (*Harper & Row*, \$4.95) came to me. I wondered if he had the novelist's gift. I am happy to report that he does. It is a spy story which attempts to take all the glamor out of the spying business and show it as a hard, tiresome, often boring profession, and ultimately disillusioning.

Robert Bruce Cameron is the son of missionaries and joins the CIA (Central Intelligence Agency) for patriotic purposes. He is serving as a first secretary of economic affairs in Sibai, a small country in the Middle

East. Things start with a forged letter supposedly written by the undersecretary of state of the United States which threatens to drive American interests from the country and open the door to the Communists.

Cameron feels that one of his old and close friends is responsible for the forgery and that he is working with an anti-Western sheik. He has become a tool of the enemy. In an attempt to prevent the letter's harm from going too far, Cameron sees his friend kidnapped and ultimately murdered. One of his native agents is killed, and he must tell the man's family of the tragedy—for which, to some extent, he is responsible.

In the meantime, his home is breaking up because of a number of things: the terrible weather, the loneliness, and the fact that his activities leave no time for family life. He is moving in the direction of another affair when he is given a leave. His wife and children go to her parents on the French Riviera, and he goes to Washington to report. His CIA superior calms him down, and at the end his resolution to leave the CIA is left undecided.

This is a particularly good time for such a book, especially when we have been reading about the student groups being used by this agency for its purposes. The larger questions are all here and they shall probably haunt many men even more in the future than they do now. If Mr. Childs does not come through with answers, he certainly has asked the questions.

Finally, let me mention two short novels in one book, **SUNDAY** and **THE LITTLE MAN FROM ARCH-ANGEL** by Georges Simenon (*Harcourt, Brace & World*, \$4.95). I mention these briefly in closing because they do not deal with big affairs but with the lives of unimportant people in unimportant surroundings. *Sunday* concerns a poisoning plot at an inn on the Riviera. *The Little Man from Archangel* details the tragedy that overtakes a shop owner who lies about his wife's leaving him.

The real issues of our living have to be faced in small places as well as in the more spectacular settings of wealth and power. The world may differentiate between the great and the small but not God. One is as important as the other in the eyes of the Almighty. Simenon seems to understand this and so should we. Life, my dear friends, with all its possibilities for good and evil is available as much in the cottage as in the palace. The hero and the villain live next door and probably in your own house. □

In more ways than one, he left his mark on traditions at Southern Methodist University.

The Remarkable Billy Bray

By A. C. ZUMBRUNNEN



After serving as a World War II chaplain, Billy Bray went to Japan to teach, start churches, and continue his personal ministry to people.

I FIRST saw Billy Bray in 1932 when he was ushered into my office at Southern Methodist University, looking like something that had blown in off the prairie. He was blond, small, thin, pale. His clothing was torn and dusty. His knuckles were skinned and his head bruised. I wondered if he had been in a fight.

As we talked, however, I learned that he had just arrived in Dallas after a 2,100-mile trip from Oregon on a secondhand motorcycle, and that he had taken a few spills on the way. He had come straight to me, as dean of students, to inquire about a place to live while he went to college.

"Humph," I thought. "He's about the most unpromising student I've ever seen."

Dutifully, I began asking questions. William Davenport Bray not only wanted to be a student, he wanted to study for the ministry! He had been graduated from high school at 17, he said, and for two years, while trying to settle on a career, had worked as a telegraph delivery boy. Then he had decided to follow his father into the ministry. Within a month, he had a \$300 scholarship loan—a sure sign of achievement in those depression years. He had come to SMU because its School of Theology then was the Methodist (South) seminary closest to his home.

Finding Billy a room he could afford was a real problem. He was one

of 10 children, and his father's meager minister's salary would not stretch far enough to help him. The university president, however, offered Billy a space in the servant's quarters of his house for \$8 a month, and Billy jumped at the chance. Even that proved to be more than Billy could afford, so he agreed to tend the furnace and care for the lawn in return for his room—an arrangement that continued for five years.

At first, Billy's only source of income was a job delivering packages at 4¢ each—irrespective of distance—on a borrowed bicycle. A year and a half later, when the bicycle was worn out, Billy took two newspaper routes. He was up at 4 a.m. daily to deliver the morning paper—on foot—and then would race from afternoon classes to deliver the evening edition. During this time, his sister also was enrolled in the university, and he helped her financially!

You would think such a young man would scarcely have time for his studies, but his grades were excellent and his interest in extracurricular activities extraordinary.

As a freshman, Billy became involved in campus politics. He thought riding his motorcycle up the steps of the main classroom building and around the rotunda while students were changing classes would be a good stunt to promote his candidate. Executing this daring scheme,

however, he knocked a big chunk out of one of the marble steps. This meant a visit to my office.

After we discussed the matter, I told him to see the superintendent of buildings and grounds. Whatever they worked out to pay for the damages, I said, would be fine with me. Billy, very humble and apologetic, started to leave, but he paused at the door and turned with an impish smile:

"Well, Dean, can't anybody ever say I didn't leave my mark on this institution!"

Later that year, Billy joined the social-service class at the campus Methodist church. This group supported a kindergarten where working Negro mothers could leave their children during the day.

At first, Billy only drove the class bus, but soon he assumed leadership of the group. With help from various organizations in the church, he carried on the work for five years, increasing the educational opportunities and achieving a remarkable decrease in delinquency among the pupils.

Billy also became interested in the work his class was doing in West Dallas, a slum of the worst sort. It had spawned such characters as Clyde Barrow, then the nation's most infamous criminal.

One part of the area was called Peanut City, a community of miser-

able huts occupied by impoverished squatter families. Every Sunday, 10 to 15 class members would conduct open-air church-school sessions there, and up to 80 children would attend. Billy, erstwhile bus driver, was in charge of the whole project.

One day, while returning from one of these sessions, Billy visited the Methodist hospital. He met a small boy who was suffering from tuberculosis and whose parents could not afford the necessary blood transfusions.

Billy swung into action. He persuaded students to donate enough blood to restore the boy to health and then set to work organizing a campus blood bank.

Billy's compassion was boundless. One day, while taking a group of students to work at a mission in the Mexican neighborhood, he spied a youngster with an eye tragically crossed. The boy's mother cracked and shelled pecans for a living.

Again, Billy went to work, encouraging a group of his friends to pay for the boy's hospitalization and persuading a famous surgeon to perform the necessary operation free of charge.

Another badly needed operation was arranged for a Negro waiter in a dormitory dining room. This time, Billy persuaded the other waiters and the cooks to pitch in and pay the bill.

Billy participated in countless campus activities—glee club, oratory, and dramatics, to name a few—and made an excellent record in each. He was also a member of Alpha Phi Omega, the national service fraternity which initiated the tradition of placing a large, decorated cedar in the rotunda of the main building each Christmas season.

One year, law students who had classes on the building's top floor began pitching pennies at the Christmas tree lights. Their aim was good, and many bulbs were broken, but the light in Billy's eyes only gleamed more brightly. He placed on the tree a tin bucket into which students could toss their pennies, then used the money to buy Christmas baskets for the poor. Pitching coins for the poor still is a popular Christmastime activity at SMU.

Billy also persuaded fraternities and sororities to donate presents from their pre-Christmas parties. These,

too, were delivered to needy families.

The student newspaper paid editorial tribute to Billy's efforts: "Billy led the drive to load our Christmas tree with gifts for Dallas's less fortunate people, and admirably did SMU respond! We are all good Samaritans for once, but it is nice to have one for always."

Scholastically, Billy usually topped all lists. He received the Selecman Award for being the best student in Greek. Two honorary fraternities, Psi Chi and Eta Sigma Phi, invited him to membership for excellence in psychology and classical languages, respectively. He eventually served as president of both organizations.

Twice he received the Student Council's M Award for scholarship, and in 1936 he was listed in *Who's Who in American Colleges and Universities*. At the national convention of Alpha Phi Omega that same year, the fraternity bestowed upon him its Distinguished Service Award for having rendered the greatest service to his school of any student in the country!

It seemed as if Billy and SMU were inseparable, but student days had to end, and he went on to an even more successful adult career. Many of his achievements spring from the philosophy that Christianity is doing something, as well as being something. He lives this belief.

IN World War II he was chaplain of a bomber group cited for effective bombing of Japanese cities. The destruction left him "haunted by a strange feeling" and led him, in 1952, to accept a challenge to serve his church there. He explained it gave him a chance "to balance three years of military service by five years of missionary service and to make a more definite stewardship of my life."

His "five years of missionary service" were up 10 years ago, but Billy is still in Japan, teaching Greek and New Testament history at Kwansei Gakuin School of Theology. As during his student years, his list of projects is staggering.

He has been instrumental in establishing new churches against almost impossible odds. One is located in Takarazuka, a city of 40,000 persons, 21 Shinto shrines, and 8 Bud-

dhist temples—but, until Billy arrived, no Christian church. The other is in the suburban community of Shukugawa. Each now has become a self-supporting congregation with a Japanese pastor in charge.

In September, 1959, the terrible Nagoya typhoon crashed the sea walls of the Ise Peninsula. Lowlands were flooded, houses swept away, 5,000 persons killed, while hundreds of others were marooned. Billy spread news of the disaster to missionaries in all parts of Japan, then went himself to Nagoya for three weeks, where he helped channel relief goods and personally piloted a motorboat through the floodwaters to take food and clothing to countless victims.

In 1962, Billy accepted additional duties at Kwansei Gakuin. He was appointed general chaplain of the school with nine department chaplains under his direction. As general chaplain, he and two other staff members met each week with the university's president, Takashi Komiya, to decide administrative and scholastic matters.

When Billy and his family returned home in 1963-64 for a year's furlough, Billy spent much of his time stateside raising funds for a new Christian student center and a women's dormitory on this campus of more than 12,000 students.

Wherever there is need, Billy continues to reach out a helping hand. He knew of a girl who had been terribly burned in a fire during World War II. She could not close her left hand, and her face was scarred virtually beyond recognition. Billy found a skilled surgeon who would operate, while a friend in the United States provided necessary financial assistance. The team effort was a success. The girl's face was repaired and she regained the use of her hand. A few years later she joined one of the churches Billy had established in Shukugawa.

So goes the story of Billy Bray—William D. Bray, A.B., B.D., M.A., Ph.D.—student, minister, Army Air Corps chaplain, missionary, and now professor.

During the 22 years I was dean of students at SMU, I met some 80,000 students. And the one who left the most indelible mark on my memory is the remarkable Billy Bray. □

They NIP at Blight

By PAULINE D. NEFF

THE DALLAS City councilwoman said it half in whimsy, but every word was true: "Jo Fay Godbey has the biggest nonpaying job in the city—and it looks as if it's permanent." She was referring to a dynamic Methodist housewife and her campaign to provide better housing in the city's blighted areas, predominantly Negro.

Several years ago, Dallas underwrote a crash program to rehabilitate portions of its West Dallas slums, but leaders merely studied the blight of the city's southern section. There, flies swarmed around piled-up garbage, while old refrigerators, abandoned cars, and dilapidated furniture rusted and rotted in eyesore yards. Big houses, once the homes of prominent Dallasites, deteriorated into firetraps.

Census figures for 1960 showed that Dallas had more than 45,000 substandard houses (one fifth of all the city's housing), and 9,600 of them had no bathrooms.

"It takes public money, either local or federal, to provide adequate housing for people in areas like these," said Mrs. Godbey. But seeing no hope that such funds would be appropriated, she determined not to wait. Organizing residents of the area into a Neighborhood Improvement Program (NIP), then begging, wheedling, and cajoling volunteers from both white and Negro communities to help, she launched a gigantic clean-up campaign.

"We realize that NIP only nips at blight. But without funds to rehabilitate the area, it's all we can do," she explains.

Even so, Mrs. Godbey's cam-



A community crusade to clean up Dallas slums draws volunteer help of all ages, races, and faiths.



Veteran campaigners for better housing and living conditions talk strategy over a junk-littered backyard in South Dallas. Mrs. Jo Fay Godbey, left, is a dynamic Methodist churchwoman who initiated the Neighborhood Improvement Project in 1965. Mrs. Juanita Craft helps rally NIP support among the Negro community.

paign has had more than superficial results. The attention of the Dallas press, city officials, church and community leaders has been focused on glaring problems. Enforcement of housing, health, and fire codes has been improved. And as Negroes and whites have worked together, real friendships have been formed across racial lines.

Mrs. Godbey hardly dreamed of such results when she first met with the United Church Women's committee on social action in October, 1965. The UCW members had studied the slums and wanted to know what they could do. They sought Mrs. Godbey's advice because she was a member of the Dallas Action Committee for Community Improvement, a group appointed five years ago by the city council after Dallas voters rejected a referendum on public housing. (Mrs. Godbey was president of the League of Women Voters which had campaigned for the referendum.) The official committee had surveyed the problem and recommended action, but little had been done.

"I didn't really know what to tell the UCW women," recalls Mrs. Godbey. "They were such a small group and the problem was so big.

All I could suggest was that they try to clean up one specific area. The housing would still be inadequate, but at least the neighborhood would be clean."

The church women liked her idea. A Negro women's service club was asked to participate, and the two organizations selected a 39-block area of South Dallas as their clean-up target.

Emerging as a leader of Negro residents in the area was Mrs. Juanita Craft, a widow who had worked hard for better enforcement of city housing codes. A dressmaker by profession, she laid aside her work to devote full time to the NIP project.

Only 25 women showed up for the first meeting, and when Mrs. Godbey was asked to co-ordinate the group's work, she put top priority on recruiting more workers. She, Mrs. Craft, and others began telephoning friends, seeking more help. It was not easy.

Well-meaning friends advised Mrs. Godbey to turn the project over to professionals; it was too big for volunteers. Besides, the high crime rate in South Dallas made it unsafe for white people to go there, they said.

Despite many turndowns, 75 vol-

unteers appeared for the first canvass date, a sunny Sunday afternoon in November. In teams, they knocked on doors, noted the condition of each structure, asked who owned the property and if the residents needed help to remove trash and debris. They were urged to co-operate in cleaning up the area even before the designated clean-up day, December 4.

Not a single unpleasant incident occurred during the canvassing. Indeed, most residents seemed delighted that outsiders were taking an interest in them. Some began cleaning up immediately.

"I get discouraged about keeping my house up," confided one tenant. It was easy to see why. On one side was a partially burned, vacant house littered with beer cans and whiskey bottles. On the other side, residents tossed garbage out the back door.

Once the project got underway, NIP workers were encouraged by support from city officials. The department of public works appointed a co-ordinator for referral of code violations. The sanitation department waived its restrictions on picking up big items like old refrigerators and furniture and removing abandoned cars. Its crews



Youths pitch in to move debris and to promote cleanup efforts by talking to residents and by posting signs like the ones at left. City government, civic and church groups, and news media also assist.

normally do not work on Saturdays, but four trucks with workers were sent to help on clean-up day.

That was the day Mrs. Godbey invited the mayor and other officials to tour the area. Television cameramen took shots of him inspecting some impressive trash piles. Later, in talks with the mayor, Mrs. Craft pointed out the disadvantages of living in an area where codes are not enforced. "How can you expect kids to grow up to be good citizens in an environment like this?" she asked.

The mayor was as impressed by the desire of Negro residents to improve their neighborhood as he was revolted by the unsanitary conditions he found.

One official on another tour pointed to a particularly dirty, unkept shack and told Mrs. Craft, "You see? That's the reason white people don't want to live in the same neighborhood as Negroes."

Mrs. Craft, who lives in a modest but spotless home, replied simply, "I don't like to live next to people like that either."

Dallas newspapers gave front-page coverage to the work performed by 200 white and Negro NIP volunteers on clean-up day. Fraternity members, driving an old

hearse, came from Southern Methodist University, along with seminarians from Perkins School of Theology and members of the SMU Methodist Student Foundation. Busloads of Negro students came from Bishop College, where one political-science professor made NIP participation a course requirement. Interested families came from all parts of the city. Women volunteers helped serve donated soft drinks, hot dogs, and home-made cookies at NIP headquarters, located at the Dallas Negro Chamber of Commerce.

As a result of the high-spirited campaign and the thorough newspaper coverage, the city council took action, quickly adopting a resolution to enforce sanitation and housing codes. The entire South Dallas area was designated as a prime area in the Dallas Rehabilitation Program. A month later, the city council appointed a consultant on welfare to study and recommend an effective program to help the disadvantaged in South Dallas and other areas of the city.

Other results have followed. Inspectors of the fire and health departments and the city building-inspection division once worked alone. Now they go out in teams

to inspect houses, inside and out. At last count, they had found almost 8,000 safety and health violations; and 369 deteriorated homes have been demolished.

Volunteer participation also has increased. When a second NIP campaign was launched in a 72-block area adjoining nicer neighborhoods in the northern part of Dallas, there were more than twice as many volunteers—almost 500.

Meanwhile, Mrs. Godbey continues to speak frequently to church, civic, and business groups about the need to continue the crusade for better living conditions on many fronts. She is convinced that everyone in the community has some role to play, that no single solution will end the housing problem, and that many approaches must be used simultaneously.

All this does cut into Jo Fay Godbey's time with her family—but they back her 100 percent. Her husband, John, a research engineer, is active with her in NIP activities. Her daughter Gayle, a high-school senior, helps at home. One son, John, is a sophomore at SMU. Another son, Joe, 14, "knows how to iron a shirt in an emergency," she smiles. The family is active at Lover's Lane Methodist Church, where Mrs. Godbey is on the official board and with her husband teaches a class of 10th-graders.

Considering her long record of significant community service, Jo Fay's friends are not surprised at her accomplishments through NIP. As Dallas Mayor J. Erik Jonsson put it:

"NIP has developed a vital focus on the blight with which our city, as others, is affected. By enlisting volunteers throughout the city and fostering interest in neighborhoods in need of cleanup, it has achieved important results both in terms of cleanup and inspiration toward higher ideals. It is an approach which I feel other communities will want to study and emulate."

The job in Dallas, of course, is not yet done. And as Jo Fay Godbey sees it, the spirit of NIP will continue as long as there are depressed areas in the city and concerned citizens who are willing to fight blight and work for better housing. □

The Peanut Wagon

Parade By Joyce Nelms



"There must be some way to make Tumba want to go back to the zoo!" shouted Wynn to Mr. Peanuts.

EDWIN, or Wynn for short, skipped eagerly toward the zoo. He was going to see Clinton City's very first elephant.

For weeks there had been an elephant-naming contest in the newspaper, and Wynn had sent in a name—Goober. A goober is a peanut. Wynn had heard that elephants love peanuts.

But some other child had submitted the name, Tumba, the name of a lake in Africa. Since the new elephant was from Africa, that name had won. Wynn thought it was a good name. He could hardly wait to see Tumba.

However, when he thought of goobers, Wynn rubbed his tummy, and remembered Mr. Peanuts. Mr. Peanuts always sold peanuts in the park.

"I'll just stop a minute and buy a bag," Wynn told himself. But when he came to Mr. Peanuts' cart, the little peanut whistle wasn't tooting. Mr. Peanuts sat dejected on a box. His great, black moustache was drooping like a wet puppy's tail.

"The city has decided to build an expressway along here," explained Mr. Peanuts. "Instead of one big park where the children can come to sail boats and feed peanuts to the pigeons and squirrels, there will be many little parks around the city.

"I shall have to walk too far to sell my peanuts," added Mr. Peanuts. "The pigeons and squirrels will go away. The children will be too busy sliding down slides and swinging on swings to buy my peanuts." He sighed.

"Don't worry, Mr. Peanuts," said Wynn. "I'm a good idea-thinker-upper. I'll help you." He sat down on the curb, scratched his blond head, and thought.

Suddenly Wynn heard shouting. He saw people running back and forth on Main Street and pointing. Then he

saw what they were pointing at—an elephant! It was Tumba.

"Tumba has run away from the zoo!" shouted Wynn. Up he jumped. Up jumped Mr. Peanuts. They ran up Main Street, with Mr. Peanuts towing his peanut wagon after him as fast as he could.

People were milling and shouting. Tumba lumbered down Main Street past Wynn and Mr. Peanuts. He was wiggling his tail and wobbling his trunk.

Policemen were blowing their whistles and waving their arms. Drivers were honking their horns. Trucks were stopping short. Traffic was all mixed up. But none of that was bothering Tumba.

He reached into the bakery with his trunk, grabbed a chocolate cream puff, tasted it, then flung it away. Next he grabbed a straw hat off a surprised lady's head and ate it, but he didn't seem to like it much.

"Help! Help!" everyone was shouting. But nobody was doing anything about Tumba.

"There must be some way to make Tumba want to go back to the zoo!" shouted Wynn to Mr. Peanuts over the din. Mr. Peanuts only shrugged helplessly.

Then Wynn's face lit up. "Mr. Peanuts, please start roasting your peanuts right away," he said.

"What? Why?" shouted Mr. Peanuts.

Wynn seemed very sure of his idea, so Mr. Peanuts turned up the fire under his roaster and put in some peanuts. Soon the peanut whistle began puffing and tooting. The aroma of hot roasted peanuts filled the air. Wynn rubbed his tummy. "Boy, do those peanuts smell good," he said.

Tumba must have thought so, too. He stopped lumbering down Main Street. He wiggled his tail and flapped

his great ears and wobbled his trunk. Then he turned around and began searching for the good smell. Soon he found that it came from Mr. Peanuts' peanut wagon.

"Let's go, Mr. Peanuts," shouted Wynn. "Off to the zoo!"

First marched Mr. Peanuts with his peanut-wagon whistle tooting cheerily.

Next came Wynn, high stepping like a drum major. Now and then he turned to throw Tumba some peanuts.

Then came Tumba, swinging from side to side, reaching out his trunk hungrily to grasp the peanuts Wynn tossed him.

It was Clinton City's only peanut-wagon parade! The crowd cheered.

Through the zoo gates went the parade and all the townspeople followed. Into Tumba's elephant yard marched the peanut-wagon parade—and Tumba followed right after.

Then Mr. Peanuts and Wynn gave Tumba the last of the roasted peanuts, pulled the wagon out of his yard, and the zookeeper shut the gate.

"Hooray for Mr. Peanuts!" shouted the people.

"You shall get a medal for this," said the zookeeper.

Mr. Peanuts smiled modestly. But Wynn stood up on tiptoe and whispered something to the zookeeper.

"Of course," agreed the zookeeper. "We should have thought of that before. Mr. Peanuts, we want you to bring your peanut wagon to the zoo every day. The children who come here like to eat peanuts. And if they share them with Tumba, he'll be happy and want to stay home."

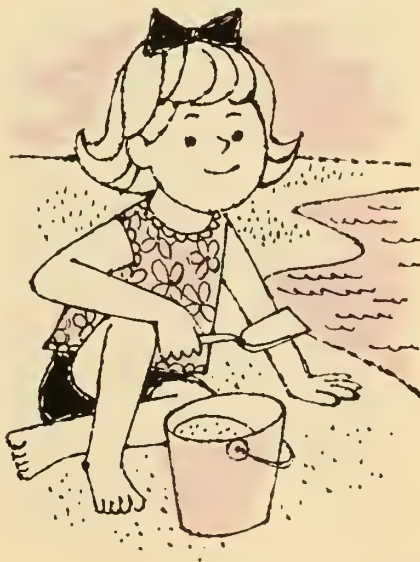
Mr. Peanuts' wide grin made his big, black moustache turn up like a half-moon.

Wynn rubbed his tummy. All this thinking and marching had made him very hungry. What was he hungry for? Hot roasted peanuts! □

GUESS WHO!

He gets up in the morning
before the girls and boys,
And though he's busy all day long,
he doesn't make a noise.
He always rises in the east,
and then goes out of sight
Far beyond the western hills
just before it's night.
This busy, busy fellow
is a friend to everyone,
And I am sure the girls and boys
have guessed he is the sun.

—Effie Stewart-Richmond



SEA STORY

I dig for pots
And chests of golden
Jewels by the sea;
I dig for lots
Of other olden
Treasures there must be.
I look for spots
Where pirate rings
Are buried on the shore.
But I do not
Believe in things
Like mermaids any more.

—Ida M. Pardue



Letters

Giving Should Be Kid Stuff, Too

ROGER B. TANQUIST

Nicollet, Minn.

I was pleased to see the article by Pat Durchholz, *Money Should Be Kid Stuff, Too!* in your May issue [page 20].

Certainly children need to learn the skills of spending wisely. However, no mention was made of cultivating the habit of proportional giving to the work of the Lord.

One of the most valuable habits I learned as a small child was that of giving regularly and proportionately to the church from my own allowance. Granted, my first gifts weren't very big—often smaller, in fact, than those of other children. But I learned the joy of tithing while learning to manage my allowance. I hope I can teach my children not only how to spend wisely but how to give generously!

'A Classic Masterpiece'

RONALD L. REARIC, *Pastor*

Calvary Methodist Church
Coshocton, Ohio

I am thrilled that you have included a portion of John Wesley's sermon on *Christian Perfection* in the May issue of *TOGETHER* [page 52].

The entire Christian church—folks from every denomination—recognizes this as a classic masterpiece from the pen and mind of the great Wesley. May the article be helpful and fruitful to many seeking, inquiring souls.

'Restless Layman' Responds

VERYL G. ESCHEN

Idaho Falls, Idaho

I am one of the "restless laymen" described by Charles Merrill Smith in the May issue of *TOGETHER*. [See *The Laymen Are Restless*, page 15.] In my opinion he has recognized serious inadequacies in our modern churches, but he offers solutions that deal with effects rather than causes.

I agree with Mr. Smith that a docile clergy and irrelevant pietism among church members are not worthy of support or being called Christian. His alternative seems to be a more direct involvement of clergymen in social and political affairs. He would subject a congregation to sermons on such political matters as admission of Red China

to the United Nations and international foreign-policy discussions.

This might be an improvement, but where does one learn more about the Christian faith, and how does this help to develop a sound religious philosophy? Perhaps if more time were spent developing a sound religious philosophy, we would be eliminating the cause of these moral and social blights and not merely reacting to the effects that result from the lack of such a philosophy.

Some ministers seem to forget that their positions afford them a forum to express their views and give their statements an impact and credibility they otherwise would not have. If politics is to be an area of concern for the "modern" church, perhaps the professional clergy should be replaced by a ministry of laymen with differing social, political, and religious philosophies. The congregation could then expect the benefits of hearing more than one side of an issue and not be asked to support an organization that gives status to those who support political views contrary to those of its members.

Churches Will Survive Smiths

MRS. WAYNE DELL

Carl Junction, Mo.

Mr. Smith's caustic pen continues to jab away at us poor benighted clergy and lay people, doesn't it? I suppose, though, that along with the other "pains

and vicissitudes of this present world," we must endure him, too.

For over 19 centuries the Christian church and scriptural theology have managed to survive the tides of change and reform, and Methodism has mucked along for more than two. I dare say that, with God's help, the churches will all survive this present rash of Smiths who propose to remold them in their own image.

Let us fervently hope that these "bright young clergymen" through such efforts will discover for themselves the efficacy of disciplined prayer, the joy of salvation, the glory of walking with Jesus, the *present* rewards of an upright personal life, and the *present* reality of a spiritual world of which they seem to be very ignorant.

Nonleaders Holding Back

MRS. RICHARD R. BOLT

Lake Villa, Ill.

The laymen (and women!) are indeed restless, but our agitation is not because of the threat of change but the *lack* of it. We are crying out for new life in the church and for a challenging, prophetic, "unholy" clergy to lead us, to understand and speak to this changing world and our mission in it.

For that matter, we would have an end to this division of the *laos* (people of God). We are unutterably weary of clergy who do not know there is a revolution going on or who are hiding from it; who are not one tenth as well read in contemporary theological literature or even as comprehending of the real meaning of the Gospel as are many members of their congregations. It is insulting to expect us to "follow" these nonleaders in the kingdom of God.

O, send us your "bright young clergymen" (of any age)! God is stirring up his people. I hope he can forgive the "ministers" who are holding us back.

No Island for Her

PHYLLIS S. TIFFANY

Chicago, Ill.

Your May issue was the best I have read. Please continue to print such fine articles as *They're Trying to Be the Church* [page 22]; *Black Revolution: How Should Whites Respond?* [page 42]; and *The Laymen Are Restless*.

As a college student soon to graduate, I was forced by these three articles to do some deep thinking about my disenchantment with The Methodist Church. Living in the inner city has caused me to see that unless the church does indeed become secular, it will find itself stranded on an island containing the well-off, the secure, and the uninvolved.

Congratulations for showing us that The Methodist Church is striving to be relevant in 1967.



"They didn't shrink!"

Treasure Still Exists

MRS. WAYNE H. LONG
Jackson, Calif.

I enjoyed the May articles *Gold Rush Country* [page 30] and *Mother Lode Tour* [page 41]. The pictures are beautiful.

The historic Methodist churches here in Jackson and Sutter Creek, established in 1852 and 1853, are a famous part of the Mother Lode country. These two churches now are a circuit which my husband serves as pastor.

The greatest treasure of the Mother Lode country is not its heritage, nor its buildings, but the devout Christians who live here now.

History Buffs Pleased

WALLACE B. BROWN
San Francisco, Calif.

My wife and I read with great interest Herman B. Teeter's article *Gold Rush Country* in *TOGETHER's* May issue. We are active members of the California-Nevada Conference Methodist Historical Society and have made several trips through the Mother Lode region with others of the society. Just lately, 37 members made a trip to Nevada.

We enjoy our Methodist magazine and the many fine articles that appear every month. Keep up the good work.

Pictures 'Lifelike, Natural'

MRS. JULIA SMITH
Golden, Colo.

I enjoyed reading about the *Gold Rush Country* in your May issue. It was good history about those early days and the progress of the Methodist Church. I especially liked the pictures painted by Floyd A. Johnson. They are so lifelike and natural in coloring.

He Wants to Know More

W. B. KERR
Los Angeles, Calif.

I have read with great interest *Church Union Works in Canada* [May, page 16]. I would like to learn more about the organizational structure of the United Church of Canada. My guess is that it is somewhat simpler than that of Methodism, and its success in Canada might well provide some patterns that could be followed in connection with the expected union of the Methodist and Evangelical United Brethren denominations.

Proof of Competency Needed?

C. G. FISTERE
Rochester, N.H.

As a life member of the National Rifle Association and of The Methodist Church, I was disappointed that you would publish such a one-sided article as *They've Helped Make America Gun-*

Happy [December, 1966, page 29]. However, since reading the April issue, I want to thank you for Gary L. Anderson's excellent article, *Another Side to the Gun Question* [page 47].

I understand that some problems have come up in regard to New Jersey's "model" gun law. It seems there is some difficulty in keeping records of all the state's mentally ill. Does this mean that the law-abiding citizen who wants to own a gun will have to get a psychiatrist's affidavit to prove he is mentally competent?

'Sane Approach' Appreciated

MRS. VIRGINIA AHART
Acton, Mass.

As the wife of an avid hunter, the mother of three future hunters, and a hunting enthusiast myself, I can only say thank you for Gary L. Anderson's *Another Side to the Gun Question*. It is refreshing to read a sane approach to the firearms question for a change.

Shooting a Transient Pleasure

MRS. JOHN ECKLESDAFER
Farmersville, Ohio

I know how to use a gun, and I agree that everyone should know gun safety the same as any other area of safety. I also feel that gun possessors should pass tests and be licensed the same as drivers.

However, from a Christian standpoint, I do not understand how anyone who has committed himself to full-time service to doing God's will can justify the time and expense of sport shooting. I don't see it as a constructive pastime. To me it falls in the same category as bridge clubs.

Any activity which is done primarily to entertain oneself seems to be contrary to a mature, dedicated Christian life. We should seek selfless, lasting joys rather than self-gratifying, transient pleasures.

In this day and age when there are so many causes, clubs, and organizations competing for support, Christians must evaluate the underlying motives of everything into which we put our time—including all church programs and leisure-time activities.

No 'Gun-Toting Goon' He

JOHN BARSOTTI
Columbus, Ohio

A Methodist friend in Colorado sent me your April issue, and I wish to compliment you on the excellent article by Gary L. Anderson, *Another Side to the Gun Question*. It is one of the most sensible and factual articles I have read on the subject.

Those of us who belong to the National Rifle Association and various shooting clubs and collectors' associations are not a bunch of half-baked,

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gun-toting goons who wish to shoot up the town. And we don't want guns peddled to every irresponsible person who comes along. But we realize that firearms registration is just a means of doing away with private ownership of all guns by degrees or by taxation.

I happen to be a Catholic, but I see copies of your magazine from time to time and enjoy it very much. I always enjoy your coverage of art. Years back [July, 1958, page 38], TOGETHER printed a double-page color spread of Charles M. Russell's watercolor of famous old and beloved "Brother Van" (William Van Orsdel) shooting buffalo with the Indians. I have kept it with my Russell material.

Painting Given to Hospital

MRS. DOROTHY D. BREWSTER
West Harwich, Mass.

In your April feature on *The World's Easter Art* [page 35], you published Frank Wesley's painting *The Healing Hand* and gave credit that it was painted "for the Board of Missions of The Methodist Church."

Actually, this painting was commissioned and paid for personally by my late husband, Dr. Harold N. Brewster, as a gift to Christ Hospital in Kapit, Sarawak, Borneo. I recently have been in Kapit and saw it hanging in the hospital's outpatient department.

My husband was founder of Christ Hospital where we lived from 1956 to 1958 and opened up medical work on the edge of the jungle. He then returned to the Board of Missions offices in New York and resumed his work as the board's medical secretary. When he died on July 5, 1965, our families wished to have a special memorial for him. My son, S. Davidson Brewster, designed a stained-glass window which has been placed in the Christ Hospital chapel. Also, his many friends have donated money which has been used for a Brewster Memorial Building in Kapit with an emergency room downstairs and a hospital library upstairs.

It was my privilege to be in Kapit when Bishop Robert F. Lundy of Singapore conducted dedications of the window and the new building on January 8 this year.

April Art: Unacceptable

E. V. CAMPBELL, Retired Minister
Granite City, Ill.

You wondered, I believe, what your readers would think of your April cover picture, *The Teaching Christ*.

It is not proper to appear too critical, but I think the picture is horrid. No one will be won to the Man of Galilee by means of that picture, I am quite sure.

Also, the pictures on pages 37, 39, and 42 in the April issue—*The Adulterous*

Woman, Behold the Man, and *The Resurrection*—to me are not at all acceptable. *Peter's Denial*, on pages 40 and 41, is not so bad.

Let us get back to attractive pictures.

Wesley Would Disown Us

SAMUEL G. WALKER
Norristown, Pa.

When I received my March issue of TOGETHER, I wondered what sort of thing was on the cover. [Modern statuary in Brazil's new capital city, Brasilia.—Eds.] But when my April issue arrived, I was disgusted with a church magazine to find such a cover that I am ashamed to have it delivered by the mailman for what he might think. I would expect to find some such things in a barroom or such places but not on the cover of a church magazine.

Then when I started to page through the magazine and came to pages 35-42 [*The World's Easter Art*], I could not help but sit down and let you know that I am surprised The Methodist Church would tolerate such things in its magazine.

It is no wonder the membership is drifting away from the good old prayer meetings and old-fashioned class meetings. If John Wesley were to return he would disown the church for drifting away from the teachings of his time.

Mobile Facts Misrepresented

ERNEST V. MAY, Director
Department of City Work
Methodist Board of Missions
New York, N.Y.

The article *Negro and White Methodists Open New Communication Conduits* [May, page 4] misrepresents the situation in Mobile, Ala. The Toulminville and Warren Street Methodist Churches have not merged. A co-operative parish was formed in June, 1966. All activities of the churches and budgets have become unified, but there are two memberships.



"Bet you thought you were back in the Army, huh, Dad?"

It is unfortunate that the congregation of Warren Street Church was spoken of as "a weak and struggling Negro congregation." This is far from the truth. This church has been one of the leading churches of the Central Alabama Conference. It has 390 members.

It is unfortunate, also, to imply that the white members moved away from the community after the parish was formed. Over several years the majority of Toulminville members had moved to suburban communities. During the discussion about forming the co-operative parish, it was stated that from 25 to 100 members might maintain their membership in Toulminville.

A few Sundays after the united services began, most of the remaining white members transferred their memberships to other churches. The number of white members attending dropped from about 75 to almost none. White persons do attend the church every Sunday, however. And on weekdays a preschool group meets in the church with 40 percent of the children white, 60 percent Negro. The community is about 80 percent Negro.

The point is that most white members had already left or had declared their intention to find other church relationships before the parish was formed.

The Warren Methodists have doubled their giving to help meet the budget of the two congregations. The church recently held two Ecumenical Institute seminars with about 80 members in training. The two conferences are to be congratulated on this unique parish.

Small Fry in Classroom

MRS. MILDRED BRYANT
Philadelphia, Pa.

The pages you devote to *Small Fry* each month are so delightful and helpful. As a kindergarten teacher, I use many of the handwork ideas in my classroom because they are so easy for the children to do. They also offer a variety of suggestions for holiday gifts for parents. The children find enjoyment in both hearing and dramatizing the stories.

Since Bible-reading has been eliminated from the public-school program, this is one way of adding a bit of Christian atmosphere to the classroom.

It would be convenient to have a collection of these stories and gift ideas in book form.

We are glad to respond to Mrs. Bryant's suggestion by saying that a collection of *Small Fry* materials already is available in book form. It is called *Around the Year Together*, edited by Ruth Adams Murray, and is now available at 69¢ per copy from Cokesbury Book Stores and Regional Service Centers.—Eds.

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